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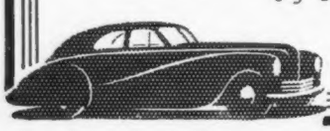


THE

ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

APRIL COMMENTARY

MANY have yielded to the temptation to interpret the result of the general election in terms of class, occupational or geographical divisions. The most interesting feature, however, is the closeness of the approach to equality between the two main parties all over Great Britain, excluding the mining areas. In eighty-six constituencies of very varied character, out of a total of six hundred and fifteen, there are majorities of less than two thousand, forty-one being Socialist, forty Conservative and five Liberal. A few by-elections in any of these constituencies might materially alter the whole political situation.

There is little doubt about the conclusions which a visitor from Mars would draw from the results as a whole. He would regard them as a clearly hostile verdict on nationalization, and a verdict of "not proven" on the Conservative Party's claim to be able to provide a more just and efficient administration of the existing machinery of government. The visitor from Mars would, however, be wrong. Twenty-seven million votes were cast, but a mere fifty thousand votes differently cast might have given a working majority to either party. Nor is it in the least true that the issue of nationalization dominated the election. Rising prices, the continued shortages of food and houses, and the irritation of all classes and creeds at a wide variety of controls, appear to have been the chief topics. As the election proceeded the real and grave problems confronting this country receded into the background.

THE issue finally was seen to turn on whether the electorate accepted the Socialist story of the Conservatives as a party of hard-faced business men who would let prices rise still further in the interest of higher profits, or whether the legend of twenty years of Tory mis-rule had lost its electoral value in face of the real experience of five years of Socialist mis-rule, when prices had *really* risen, houses had *really* not been built and the ordinary amenities of life were *really* still hard to come by. It would be true to say that, except in the old "depressed areas", the slanderous personal attacks on the Tory Party failed completely and the almost comic efforts to pretend that, until Mr. Attlee succeeded Mr. Churchill, millions of people had never had enough to eat, while their children went bare-footed, were openly derided. On the other hand, there was no really strong feeling against the Socialist Government. Such latent feeling as there was needed a great deal of rousing. The exceptionally heavy poll was due rather to the greatly improved efficiency of the rival Party machines than to any intense political feeling in the country.

THE Socialist campaign was coloured from the outset by the decision to soft-pedal nationalization and to drop completely the class war, so dear to Mr. Bevan and Mr.

Shinwell. This decision retained for the Socialist Party a lot of lukewarm voters whom they were in danger of losing, but damped the enthusiasm of the convinced Socialists. The Conservative campaign suffered from the attempt to prove two perfectly correct and compatible propositions which nevertheless looked incompatible. We rightly told the country that Socialist finance, bulk buying and Socialist administration had brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy, if not beyond it. Simultaneously we pointed out how a reduction in government expenditure and the restoration of initiative and competition to large sections of industry would lead to a fall in prices and greatly increased prosperity. The argument was far too complicated to reach a mass audience. The initiative, in the military sense, was ours for the taking, because Mr. Attlee, committed to the policy of freezing wages, could offer nothing but more nationalization about which very few were in the least enthusiastic and to which most of the floating votes were admittedly hostile. We failed to seize the initiative and, therefore, although we certainly did not lose the election, we failed to win it.

THE chance to seize the initiative is still open to the Conservative Party. The result of the next election will, in all probability, be determined by our ability to seize it in the immediate future by putting forward a positive policy intelligible to the electorate. The only serious mistake which the Party made was to assume, as many of the Conservative leaders still do, that a positive policy must involve increased expenditure from public funds and that for this reason it must be ruled out. The conclusion would be right but for the fact that the premiss is wholly false. The most urgently needed reforms to-day are constitutional, military and administrative, and should each lead to a direct reduction (not to an increase) in expenditure. Even if the Party were to lose its sanity completely and go to the country next time offering, e.g., higher pensions all round to everybody, it is extremely doubtful if it would win any votes by so doing, and it would certainly lose a great many more than it won.

IT is absurd to suppose that in an age when the whole working population have seen their wages doubled and their amenities reduced at the same time, they are still under the delusion that an all-round increase in the amount of uncovenanted money paid out to them can be made without a corresponding rise in prices. It is equally absurd to suppose that the majority of the electorate who are not in receipt of pensions or sickness or unemployment benefit are anxious to be further taxed in the alleged interest of the minority who are. Mr. Bevan might just possibly sell the policy of higher pensions all round to a section of the electorate by promising that the idle and verminous rich would pay for them, but the Conservative Party could not do this even if they wanted to, which, of course, they do not. The positive policies of the immediate future cannot, in fact, follow the pattern, too familiar for too long, of another ninepence for something less than fourpence, because no one would believe that more promises of this kind could be kept.

IF we accept the official party view that the most urgent task before a Conservative administration would be to reduce government expenditure in order to reduce taxation, it follows that a root and branch reform of the machinery of government must be the first priority. Treasury and Parliamentary control over expenditure and Cabinet control over departmental policies, and therefore Cabinet responsibility itself, have all completely broken down. This is due to the attempt to make the administrative and constitutional machinery of the old Gladstonian, negative, state suffice for the new positive state which takes over and is responsible for spending more than thirty-five per cent of the national

income as contrasted with about five per cent in the time of Mr. Gladstone.

This complex question of the machinery of government was authoritatively considered and reported on by the Haldane Committee* in 1918 and less authoritatively by a Conservative Party committee in 1944.† "Two main questions," according to this later committee, "are involved". The first concerns the Cabinet as the supreme executive organ. The second concerns the interrelation and co-ordination of a multiplicity—and probably a growing multiplicity—of departments. The former relates to the supreme control of government; the latter relates to the machinery of government. It is clear that the two problems are interrelated; it is equally clear that they are distinct in essence. It is possible to conceive of a highly efficient Central Executive, inadequately served by a cumbrous and inefficient departmental machinery, just as it is possible to imagine a highly efficient departmental machinery under the control of an inefficient Central Executive.

"THE Cabinet, in the words of the Haldane Report, is the 'mainspring of the mechanism of Government'. The efficiency of government must depend upon the energy, judgment and imagination which the Prime Minister and his colleagues can bring to bear upon their twofold task—the direction of policy and the administrative supervision of the departments of State. The Report contains a summary of the conditions of efficient Cabinet organization. The main functions of the Cabinet are described as follows:

(*a*) the final determination of the policy to be submitted to Parliament;

(*b*) the supreme control of the national Executive in accordance with the policy prescribed by Parliament; and

(*c*) the continuous co-ordination and determination of the activities of the several departments of State.

"In order to ensure the efficient performance of these tasks, the Haldane Committee recommended that the Cabinet should consist of ten, or at most twelve, members; that it should meet frequently; that it should be supplied in the most convenient form with all the information and material necessary to enable it to arrive at expeditious decisions, and that it should have a systematic method of securing that its decisions are effectively carried out by the several departments of Government."

"A PERMANENT reduction in the size of the Cabinet," the 1946 Committee went on to suggest, "will prove unworkable unless effective machinery is established for co-ordinating the work of allied departments at the ministerial level, whether the heads of departments are in the Cabinet or not. It would be impossible, if the Cabinet were the only instrument of co-ordination, to exclude any important departmental Minister, except in the few cases where the work of a particular department is almost entirely self-contained. This contention is borne out by the experience of war-time administration."

The Committee recommended, therefore, "that departments should be grouped under the general supervision of Ministers responsible for the co-ordination of policy and administration within each group. This should make possible a drastic reduction in the size of the Cabinet without loss of administrative efficiency and control".

REFORM must go a good deal further if it is to re-establish efficient Cabinet or Parliamentary control over expenditure. After each of the world wars hundreds of millions were wasted less by errors of policy, as that word is ordinarily understood, than by bad government. Maladministration and reckless expenditure on housing, roads and the relief

* *Report of the Machinery of Government Committee* 1918 (Cmd. 9230).

† *Some Proposals for Constitutional Reform* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1946).

of unemployment saddled the later governments of the 'twenties and 'thirties with mountains of debt for which there was less than nothing to show because unemployment had neither been relieved nor cured nor houses built. The same thing, on an even greater scale, has happened in the last five years over defence and the Health Service. The reasons for all this are not in the least obscure.

The classical constitutional doctrines are that the Cabinet is responsible for over-all policy but the departmental minister for its execution, and that Treasury control is limited to ensuring that the methods decided upon by the minister for carrying out the policy approved by the Cabinet are employed with due regard to economy. Finally, it is generally assumed that the technical advisers of the Department, the Chiefs of Staff, for instance, or the doctors, must, on matters within their sphere of specialized knowledge, have the last word; ministers, or in the last resort the Cabinet, have the right to change their technical and professional advisers but do not customarily retain them and reject their advice.

UNDER modern conditions all these doctrines are plainly incompatible with efficient control of expenditure at any level. Once the government enters the field of supplying services to the community, it is as impossible to separate technique from administration or administration from policy, as it is in business. In any field of commerce or manufacture, you can find half a dozen firms each attempting to supply the same goods and services to the community, each in fact competing with the others in so doing, but each making widely different profits and operating at widely differing levels of efficiency. The men and the methods are the differentiating factors; the policy, as politicians understand the word, is exactly the same for each. It is certain that, to meet modern requirements, Treasury control over the departments must be extended to cover the full range of departmental activity. For this purpose it must be put in commission and strengthened by technical advice of all kinds and not merely, as at present, on office methods and machinery. Nothing would be easier than to make the co-ordinating ministers, as recommended by the Haldane Committee, Lords Commissioners of the Treasury and to attach to them those divisions of the Treasury which look after the particular supply services concerned.

THIS in itself would make an immense contribution to the problem of efficient government, besides relieving the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the wholly impossible task of looking after the national finances at the same time that he is purporting to supervise the whole field of national administration. The question of providing the controlling ministers with technical advice is nevertheless almost equally urgent. There is always a technical case against as well as for any particular method of supplying any particular service, and some constitutional method must be found whereby both the technical sides of the case can be properly considered by the responsible ministers. In the case of a conflict of views among experts which has become notorious as the result of public controversy, governments have at their disposal the slow and cumbrous machinery of Parliamentary Committees or Royal Commissions, but you cannot govern by committees. Most often, moreover, ministers are left, at least officially, uninformed as to differences of opinion among technical experts on the subjects which particularly concern them.

IT would remain to bring back efficient House of Commons control over such a reorganized, and much more powerful, central executive. It is impossible to resist the conclusion, so often urged and so often rejected in the past, that there should be Standing Committees on Estimates equal in number to the number of co-ordinating

ministers, and that these Committees should be armed with powers similar to those given to the Public Accounts Committee. The chief practical objection to this proposal is, probably, the difficulty of finding sufficiently experienced members among the government back-benchers, whichever Party was in power. The size of the modern administration is such that most members of the Party in power with any substantial administrative or financial experience must be included in the Government, and this is particularly true, and may be for some years to come, with any Socialist administration. The remedy may lie in increasing the size of the House of Commons to what it was fifty years ago, and by finding some means of drawing on the great reserves of administrative experience which would be contained in a reformed House of Lords.

THE reform of the Second Chamber is another urgent matter which the electorate will expect the next government to deal with. Single chamber government is manifestly unsuitable in a country where opinion is traditionally evenly divided, whatever majorities our electoral system may provide in the House of Commons. The two chief political parties appear to be ready to agree on the composition of a reformed House of Lords, but an agreement on its powers will be more difficult. The chief advantage, however, in restoring the provisions of Mr. Asquith's Parliament Act is that it would slow down the pace of contentious legislation and leave the Government and the House of Commons a little time to attend to their proper business, which is government, not legislation. The only solid contribution which any government can make to the recovery of our trade and industry and the restoration of our credit is to preserve peace, to strengthen our defences and to reduce the fantastic cost of government. It can do none of these things if it is engaged on a vast programme of contentious legislation, the effect of which, moreover, will in itself be bad, irrespective of its content. Even if we assume that all changes are in the right direction (whereas very few of them are), too many changes made too quickly will disorganize any economy and paralyze any administration.

IN the field of the social services it is impossible for any Party to put forward any proposal which involves increased expenditure, but we believe that, if the prestige of the private enterprise system is to be restored, and objective proof made of its vitality and public spirit, it will be necessary to create machinery for enforcing a nation-wide network of group-pension schemes for all engaged in productive enterprise. Such a scheme would give as its minimum the present government-guaranteed widows', disablement and old age pensions, and employers and employed would continue to give as their minimum contributions what they pay at present to the national scheme. Additional benefits related to length and quality of service would be provided by additional contributions from employers and employed without further assistance from public funds.

Such group schemes are already operated by the Universities and the Local Authorities at no cost to the public. The urgent need is to provide the machinery whereby similar benefits can be made available to all. Very many, perhaps a majority, of large firms have pension schemes already, but, without statutory provisions, the needs of those employed in small businesses, and notably in the distributive trades, and of those whose occupation is by its nature casual or semi-casual, cannot be met.

The key point of this proposal is that it should be operated by trade and industry to meet the specialized needs of each occupational group, subject only to the minimum benefits already obtainable under the present national scheme. This scheme would cease to exist except as might be necessary to meet the needs of the wholly

self-employed. The existing statutory rights of all would be preserved, but for all further benefits everyone would look to his own trade, profession or industry. The Trade Unions and professional Associations would, of course, be joint and equal partners with the Employers' Associations (where appropriate), in the operation of the group schemes, which would thus provide the first really practical example of effective self-government in industry and the first essential foundation for a property-owning democracy.

IT is by proposals such as these, for radical administrative reforms directed to the well-being of the whole community, that the Conservative Party can ensure a favourable verdict from the people at the next election. The election, however, may be farther away than seems likely at present. The menacing picture presented by the foreign situation, alike in Europe and in Asia, may come to dominate the political scene. Unfortunately, the present government has shown a complete inability, here as in domestic affairs, to put first things first. The indispensable conditions of the defence of Western Europe are three—financial stability, a mobile and mobilized striking force of not less than twenty fully mechanized divisions, and a predominant air force. Not one of these conditions is even on the way to fulfilment. Meanwhile, by the comparatively simple device of employing a Communist ex-enemy alien in a key position in our defence organization, we have largely neutralized our one advantage over Russia—our superior preparedness in the matter of atomic bombs. The case of Klaus Fuchs cannot be dismissed as an unfortunate accident of peace. It was a fundamental error which arose from our refusal to believe that the Communists are anything but a rival set of professional politicians concerned with getting or retaining office and only incidentally with exercising power. It was that fundamental mistake which led President Roosevelt to disaster at Yalta—a disaster which meant nothing less than losing the war after winning it. It is this fundamental mistake which paralyzes us to-day to an even greater extent than in 1938. In the 'thirties we did at least know that our opponents were Germans and that Germans go to war. Facing Russia, we face a great up-swell of sentiment which tells all progressive people that "when all is said and done" Communists are quite different from Fascists; they are progressive and have at heart the interests of the toiling masses. Even to-day, with half Europe and almost all Asia enslaved to the Kremlin, you are regarded as probably a Fascist if you refer with real animosity to Russia as a slave state, operated by gangsters whose principal political weapon is murder and who in their vast, highly organized, prison system give special privileges and licence to all convicted of crimes against the moral law and, more particularly, of crimes of violence or sexual offences, leaving the unspeakable brutalities of their system to be applied unrestrainedly only to those who are politically opposed to the regime or who have civilized views about religion, art, literature or science. We are still a long way from understanding that we are faced with an enemy who is not only willing but actively planning our destruction. Russia does not, as did Hitler's Germany and Napoleon's France, wish to impose her will on the rest of Europe. She wishes to destroy it in order to rebuild it on a different pattern.

A national campaign to rouse the British people to a real sense of their danger is urgently needed. The Conservative Party must not fail again as all parties failed in 1935.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE FUTURE OF LIBERALISM

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

EVERYONE is by now acquainted with the general statistics of the election and no purpose is to be served by a long delay upon them. The Socialist Government asked of the country a mandate for a large extension of nationalization. The answer of the country, so far as votes go, was a very emphatic negative. 13,331,682 electors voted for Socialist candidates and 15,095,518 voted for anti-Socialist candidates. But, owing to the fact that the anti-Socialist vote was split between Liberals and Conservatives, the Socialists won an exiguous majority of seats.

Various calculations of varying practical importance can be derived from these figures. Some enthusiastic supporters of Proportional Representation have sought to blame our electoral system for the deadlock. It is a curious contention. Many powerful arguments can be brought to bear against our electoral system. But, although it has produced a deadlock on this occasion, it is clearly of all systems that which is the least likely to produce a deadlock. Its vice is the opposite one that as a general rule it tends to over-represent majorities and under-represent minorities. Under Proportional Representation we should, for all intents and purposes, always have a deadlock—in the sense that no one party would have a clear majority. This election, for instance, had it been held under Proportional Representation, would have returned some 270 odd Socialists, 260 odd Conservatives, and 50 odd Liberals.

ON the other hand, had some arrangement been made before the election, by which Conservatives and Liberals did not fight one another or had there been some arrangement of the alternative vote by which the second preference of whichever of the two polled the less was given to the other, then, *had that arrangement been fully honoured,* the Socialists would have lost 69 seats to this Conservative-Liberal combination and been in a comfortable minority.

Had an agreement been made before the election not to run candidates against one another, then the Liberals would presumbly have been allotted some 50 or so seats after the manner of the deal that was done at Huddersfield. Had the two parties run candidates against one another but the voting been by alternative vote, then perhaps Colonel Byers would have won his seat in Dorset, but apart from that and one or two other exceptions of that sort all the gains must have gone to the Conservatives, since the Liberals were always at the bottom of the poll and would therefore have been eliminated on the first count.

But, in any event, calculations on that basis are, as we all understand, unreal. In spite of efforts at negotiation no pact was made with the Liberal leaders, and, had such a pact been made, it would have had perhaps a certain effect but no one can say how large an effect. Neither Mr. Clement Davies nor Col. Byers nor Sir Archibald Sinclair nor anybody else is in a position to deliver blocs of Liberal votes even if he wished to do so. In the Bradford by-election at the end of last year the Liberals tried to stand down, but in defiance of the Liberal machine an eccentric gentleman stood as a Liberal and polled a few thousand votes. The same gentleman similarly prevented the Liberals of Dundee from honouring their bond. There has hardly been an issue since the 1914 war in which all the Liberals in the House of Commons have been found in the same division lobby, and, if they cannot achieve unanimity in the division lobby, there is no reason to think that they will achieve unanimity in the polling-booth.

A GALLUP poll of those who voted Liberal at the election professes that, had there been no Liberal candidate, then 40 per cent of those who voted Liberal would have voted Conservative, 20 per cent would have voted Socialist and 40 per cent would not have voted at all. If something like this had happened, then the Conservatives would have won about 15 seats from the Socialists. an unworkable Socialist majority would have been turned into an unworkable Conservative majority—which would have done no good to anybody.

In that sense, then, and by an accident, the Liberal intervention has not on this occasion been an unmixed calamity to the Conservatives. But that is purely by an accident. The blow that the Liberals have dealt has been a much deeper blow—a blow not to the Conservative party but to the constitutional system. The Liberals by their conduct have lowered the moral standing of our political life.

They have done this in three ways, and, since all three issues are commonly misstated, I wish to state them with some care.

THE Liberals tell us that the two major parties take too much upon themselves. There are not necessarily, they say, only two opinions. There may be three opinions, and, if so, it is only right that in a democracy there should be three parties. Now this argument is perfectly true—but also perfectly irrelevant. It is perfectly true that there is something almost comic in the contention that it is in all circumstances a blasphemy against democracy to have a one-party state and a blasphemy against democracy to have a three-party state and that some divine revelation decrees that there shall always be two parties and neither less nor more. If there were three philosophies, then, though it would be a breach with our traditions and for all its practical inconveniences, there would be no alternative but to make up our minds to it that we must have three parties. But, of course, the whole case against the present Liberal party is that it does not stand for a third philosophy—that it has nothing at all to do with Liberalism. As has been argued, the Liberals have since the 1914 war hardly ever been found in the same division lobby. Their members have always been elected by anti-Socialist constituents on anti-Socialist policies, but, when, as in 1923 and 1929, they have found themselves possessed of the balance of power, they have on both occasions put Socialist Governments into office. They are still notoriously divided by feuds that trace their history back to the first quarrel between Asquith and Lloyd George. It is the very difficulty of dealing with them that their internal differences are not political differences at all but personal differences. Of their present members, two, Mr. Hopkin Morris and Mr. Wade, were elected with the help of Conservative votes. Mr. Grimond in the Orkney and Shetlands was elected on a very outspokenly anti-Socialist policy. The others were elected against the opposition of Conservative votes. Above all, their policy differed in no point of importance from the policy of the Conservative party.

Let us delay a little on this point, for it is of cardinal importance. Most of the things that the Liberals said—stop nationalization, decentralize industry, cut down government expenditure—differed by no comma or syllable from what the Conservatives were saying. Their proposals for the reform of income-tax assessment were, if I may say so, precisely the proposals which I myself had more than once put before the House of Commons. They appeared to be opponents of conscription, but, when pressed, it turned out that they did not advocate the immediate abolition of conscription but only its scaling-down—a proposal which members of all parties would be willing to entertain and consider on its merits in the light of an existing international situation. They advocated, indeed, not only profit-sharing but compulsory profit-sharing, but again the differences between their proposals and Conservative proposals were on examination

more apparent than real. Under the Liberal plan each firm was to be free to make up its own scheme of profit-sharing and to apply for approval of the scheme to the Government. If it could make out a case for it that special circumstances would make profit-sharing impracticable for it, then it would be exempt from the provision. In practice either the Government's approval of the schemes would be a formality, or, if the Government really exercised its authority, then there must be a degree of Government interference that would make nonsense of any claim that the Liberals believe in less government.

Then, secondly, we are told that it is not ridiculous to be weak, that

"He is base who dare not be
In the right with two or three".

There is indeed a splendid, if rather fantastic, dignity in an old Jacobite who in the reign of George III still takes his oath of allegiance to Cardinal York. We would not withhold from him our admiration. But the present Liberals cannot pretend in any way that their policies are the policies of Mr. Gladstone or even of Mr. Asquith.

TAKE Proportional Representation. There are arguments in favour of Proportional Representation and arguments against it—and the system has been tried in a number of countries. Let those who favour it advocate it. But no one can pretend that Proportional Representation, any more than income-tax reform or compulsory profit-sharing, is a particularly Liberal principle. The Liberals never favoured it so long as they could get their candidates elected by any other system. When the Speaker's Conference of 1917 made proposals for some tentative experiments in Proportional Representation, Mr. Harcourt, as he then was, ridiculed them from the Liberal front bench. Liberals like to depict themselves as the last upholders of some ancient but undying cause, at present suffering from misfortune. But there is no trace of traditional Liberalism about the present Liberals. The Liberal traditions have been absorbed into the other parties. The spirit of the present Liberal party is a sectarian spirit, which of all spirits is that furthest removed from Liberalism.

But the main reason why the Liberals have degraded the moral level of our political life is the third reason—in the quality of their candidates. Among their candidates there were, of course, a few men and women who have had long and distinguished careers in public life. There were others who over the years had sincerely devoted themselves to the cause of Liberal propaganda and who had certainly every right to offer themselves to the electorate, but in their mad rush to make their ridiculous last-minute total of 475 candidates the party roped in candidates whom it was an insult to present to the electorate—men and women who had never given any evidence of Liberal faith or Liberal study and whose strange ambition it seemed to be merely to boast for the rest of their lives that they were "ex-candidates", like a Babu who proudly inscribes "Failed B.A." on his testimonials—under-graduates picked up in a train and persuaded to stand for Parliament as a schoolboy lark. As was only to be expected of persons who had no prospect of being called on to honour their promises, they betrayed an extreme irresponsibility in their answers to questionnaires. As for their leaders, no one can hold it against a politician that he indulges in a certain excess of optimism about his party's prospects at election-time, but such things are matters of degree. Language about the possibility of a Liberal Government after the election from statesmen of the seniority of Lord Samuel was an absurdity. It degraded public life.

THERE is much in the argument that the party machines have in these days become too strong and too rigid—a strong case for it that it is most important to have a small number of Independents of integrity and intelligence in every Parliament who obey no Whip but who by their independence bring a breath of reality to Parliament's

debates. For that reason, among others, the abolition of the University seats was a great disaster. Had I been an elector of Rugby, I should certainly have cast my vote for Mr. W. J. Brown. But clearly Independents are only valuable if they are few, exercising influence through persuasion rather than through their personal votes. If they should be numerous enough to hold a balance of votes, they would be a danger to the stability of government. More clearly still, it is only a person of standing and experience who has a right to expect a constituency to accept him as an Independent. Suppose that, under different circumstances, say, Lady Megan Lloyd George were to offer herself as an Independent to her constituents of Anglesey, everyone would agree that that was an offer which they should at least seriously consider. But no one could pretend that the calibre of the vast majority of Liberal candidates was such that they deserved consideration on their merits. They were persons quite singularly lacking in distinction won in other walks of life.

The pretence that there is some vast middle mass of the nation which sees Liberalism as a refuge from Socialist bureaucracy on the one hand and Tory privilege on the other has been disproved by the results. It is absurd to argue that the Liberal party must be preserved because working men and women will never vote Conservative, when four or five times as many working men and women voted Conservative as voted Liberal. It is clear that vastly the greater number of men and women of Liberal faith have already transferred themselves to the Conservatives and are making and will continue to make their Liberal contribution within the Conservative ranks. Yet, whether we like it or not, two and a half million people did vote Liberal. A number of those came from Wales and succeeded in electing a few candidates. Things are different in Wales. Liberalism has there, it seems, something of the tenacity of a living faith. Liberalism is the Conservativism of Wales. But those who voted Liberal in England or Scotland received virtually no representation, and it may be, of course, that more would have voted Liberal had they not foreseen that their votes would be cast away. Whether we think Liberalism a sensible or a foolish creed, it would be idle to deny that our present electoral system is one which very imperfectly reflects the will of the people. The next few months will perhaps begin to show us the way out. If it proves that the present balance between the two major parties is merely temporary and accidental and that with the next election the pendulum will swing back in the one direction or the other, then the two-party system may survive. But it is far from certain that that will prove to be so.

IT may prove that the present divisions are extremely rigid. If so, then the country will be ungovernable under the present party system—and the international system will not allow the electorate very many months in which to make up its new mind. In that case we shall have to find some way of relaxing the present rigidity of party divisions. Some revision of the electoral system will probably be necessary and it may be that the Liberals will gain—at any rate for the moment—some seats out of that revision. I think that it would probably be only a temporary gain. A Liberal candidate himself told me that he found only four supporters under thirty in his constituency, and, though the Liberal candidates are young, the Liberal constituents are old. A tiny Liberal party, holding the balance between two large, equal parties, would be an intolerably unhealthy and undemocratic situation. A vigorous Liberal group, one among a number of groups into which the House had split up would do no harm. The decline of the two-party system might have disadvantages as well as advantages, but a Liberal group would not be an added disadvantage—provided, of course, that they believed in Liberalism.

People continually ask whether our traditional electoral system can survive. They

seem strangely blind to the extent to which that system has already perished. The traditional system—the nineteenth century system—was that 600 odd gentlemen were elected by their constituents to legislate and carry out the other business of the House of Commons. It is true that most of those gentlemen belonged, more or less loosely, to a political party and that the political parties had each adopted, more or less loosely, a few general political principles. But the notions of a detailed programme, offered to the country and imposed on the party's candidates, and of a mandate deriving from that programme, were unknown. It would not have been possible, even had it been desired, after an election to calculate whether any particular proposal had or had not received the support of the majority of the electorate. It would not have been possible first, because there were a large number of unopposed returns, and, secondly, because candidates then made up their own promises and programmes.

NOW unopposed returns and independent candidates are so few that they do not upset general conclusions. Candidates, instead of advancing their own policies, pledge themselves without reservation to the policy of their party. As a result it is possible to counter-check the House of Commons, to ask of a party which has a majority of seats whether it has a majority of votes in the country, to deny it its mandate if it has not. (As a matter of fact, on that test no Government ever has a mandate for doing anything. More people among the electorate always vote against doing anything than vote in favour of doing it. With the sole exception of the 1931 National Government we have never had a Government since the 1914 war which did not have more votes cast against it than in its favour.) If a member is never to be allowed to vote against his party and his party is never to be allowed to do anything except under mandate from the people, it may well be asked what is the point of being a Member of Parliament. His duties could be better performed, as Lecky, the great historian truly pointed out by "a fairly intelligent poodle dog", and it is fairly clear that, if Parliament is to survive some relaxation of party discipline is necessary.

The Liberals have never in recent years attained sufficient unity among themselves to deserve to be considered as a party, and, considered as Independents, their candidates have brought discredit on the cause of independence. But the faction fights are only among the leaders. Some of those who have voted Liberal have done so in sturdy and admirable protest against the excessive discipline of the major parties, and we may look to them in the future not only to vote Conservative but to play their part in keeping the Conservative party, or whatever the new name may be, in the true sense of the word, liberal.

SCIENTISM THE ENEMY OF REASON

By ARNOLD LUNN*

Fideism was a heresy condemned by the Church. Technically a Fideist is a man who affirms that the fundamental act of human knowledge consists in an act of faith for which no rational defence can be expected. The modern Fideists make an act of Faith in the negative dogmas of Scientism. I am grateful to the unknown inventor of this useful word to describe the philosophy of those who maintain that science disproves the supernatural in general and miracles in particular, and though I dislike the word Scientian (believer in Scientism) I am not going to sell the pass by writing about "scientists" where I am referring to the diminishing sect of scientists who subscribe to the discredited dogmas of Scientism. Nineteenth century Christians lost the battle of the words by allowing the neo-Fideists to describe themsleves as "Rationalists" and by admitting, if only by implication that there was a real conflict between science and religion.

(1)

FIDEISM is not necessarily anti-rational. Many a man who is incapable of defending by reason the first great premise that God exists can draw rational and valid deductions from that premise. If, however, we argue from a premise which is false our reasoning processes are liable to corruption. It is the falsity of the premises from which the Scientian argues which explains not only the irrational but the anti-rational element in the writing of eminent Scientians. And it is, I believe, the fideistic atmosphere of evolutionary literature which alone can explain the disregard for principles which every scientist regards as binding in other branches of scientific work.

ANY form of research which affects men's lives or pockets discourages irresponsibility. A rash diagnosis of a snowslope, or even a faulty theory about snow expressed in print may result in a fatal avalanche accident but nobody is a penny the worse if an evolutionary pedigree proves to be false, all of which encourages a certain light-hearted irresponsibility, unknown in other branches of scientific research.

It is indeed this light-hearted irresponsibility which is one of the most striking characteristics of the evolutionary fideists. Consider for instance the voluminous literature on the links which continue to be missing, Pro-Avis for instance, the missing link between the reptile and the bird. Mr.W. P. Pyecraft in his book, *A History of Birds*, gives us a careful and scholarly description of the "axillary membrane" which Pro-Avis possessed and on the influence of the forelimb on the inner digits. The picture of Pro-Avis in his book is not labelled "hypothetical reconstruction of a hypothetical transitional type" but quite simply "one of the Pro-Avis". After reading the pages which Mr. Pyecraft devotes to Pro-Avis it is easy to forget that he is describing an imaginary creature, not one bone or feather of which is to be found in the fossil record.

Faith it would seem is the substance of fossils hoped for, the evidence of links unseen. In this connection G. K. Chesterton's remarks on the subject of Pithecanthropus are very much to the point: "People talked of *Pithecanthropus* as of Pitt or Fox or Napoleon. Popular histories published portraits of him like the portraits of Charles the First and

* *This article is part of a chapter in a book "The Revolt against Reason" to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode.*

George the Fourth. A detailed drawing was reproduced, carefully shadowed, to show that the very hairs of his head were all numbered. No uninformed person looking at its carefully lined face and wistful eyes would imagine for a moment that this was the portrait of a thigh-bone; or of a few teeth and a fragment of a cranium."

All this, as Boule remarks, is so much "pithecanthropomorphism".

IN 1922, a single imperfect molar tooth was found in a Pliocene stratum at Nebraska. Professor Osborn, the distinguished palaeontologist, identified it as the tooth of an ape which had evolved considerable way in the direction of man. The ape was christened *Hesperopithicus*. Dr. Gregory, another eminient scientist, examined *Hesperopithicus*' tooth and came to the considered, careful, and scientific conclusion that *Hesperopithicus* was much nearer to man than an ape.

Hesperopithicus was accordingly elected to that distinguished club, the Missing Link Club, and received a warm welcome from the Chairman, *Pithecanthropus*.

Meanwhile *Hesperopithicus*' "discoverer" was becoming quite lyrical on the subject of *Hesperopithicus*' tooth, and all that this tooth meant for progress and humanity. "The earth," exclaimed Professor Osborn with that shrill note which is characteristic of scientists in the pulpit, "the earth speaks loudly and clearly of the ascent of the bird from one kind of reptile, and of humans from another kind of reptile.... The earth spoke to Bryan (a disbeliever in evolution) from his own State of Nebraska. The *Hesperopithicus*' tooth is like the still small voice, this sound is by no means easy to hear . . . this little tooth speaks volumes of truth. . . ." So it did, but not to Osborn. The "still small voice" suddenly decided to speak up, and the tooth turned out to be the tooth of a bear, and poor old *Hesperopithicus* was expelled with contumely from the Missing Link Club. A like fate appears to be in store for the latest member of that Club, *Sinanthropus*.

(II)

PRINCIPLES of evidence which the evolutionist accepts as binding in all other departments of science are cheerfully disregarded in the apologetics of evolution. If for instance we appeal to an authority we must first make up our minds whether that authority is reliable. If, then, we are to draw deductions from the fossil record we must first determine the degree to which that record is reliable.

The evolutionist assumes that it is reliable when it tells in his favour and imperfect when it does not. The fossil of a bird in Devonian strata or of man in the Jurassic would destroy his entire scheme. No such fossils have been found and he is confident that none will be found. He is equally confident that the millions of genera which are necessary to link phylum with phylum must have existed though they left no record on the rocks. In other words he maintains that he is entitled but that the special creationist is not entitled to draw valid deductions from the *absence* of fossils.

The greater part of what is produced as evidence for evolution is equally valid as evidence for special creation. Thus, evolutionists frequently confuse succession with descent. The first chapter of the Book of Genesis is as definite as Darwin in its insistence on the fact that the simpler forms of life were the first to be created and it is therefore absurd to trot out proofs of succession as if they were equivalent to proofs of descent, as Sir Arthur Keith does in his book on Darwinism. Sir Arthur points out that there has been, in the course of ages, evolution in everything, in watches, for instance. But the question at issue is not whether men are different from fishes, or whether men appeared on the surface of the planet subsequent to fishes, but whether men are *descended* from fishes and unless Sir Arthur Keith could prove that my

wrist watch is a blood relation of a sixteenth-century watch his analogy has not the least relevance to the issue which is in dispute.*

(III)

EVER since Darwinism first became fashionable, materialists have been oppressed by the thought that Natural Selection can only *select* and cannot produce, but the determination to discover in Natural Selection a creative agency to take the place of God is too strong for them and often leads them into fantasies of irrationalism. As, for instance, the following statement by Professor Julian Huxley: "Selection is destructive in the sense that it eliminates the unfavourable; but equally it is creative in that it preserves the favourable." By parity of reasoning it could be proved that the *Luftwaffe* was creative, and that Westminster Abbey had been "preserved" by the "Selection" of the bombers which failed to destroy it. Again it is a common trick to pretend that anti-Darwinists do not accept the *fact* of natural selection. "The assertion is sometimes made," writes Professor J. B. S. Haldane in *Possible Worlds*, "that no one has ever seen Natural Selection at work." This assertion could only be made by an ignoramus and, as Professor Haldane would be the first to admit, those who do not believe in Darwinism are not all ignorant. An epidemic is a case of Natural Selection at work; the fittest survive, and the least fit perish.

The attribution of creative power to Natural Selection would be dishonest if it were not in fact merely the kind of woolliness which clouds the reasoning powers of able men under the pernicious influence of scientism. A characteristic example of scientian logic may be found in *The Science of Life*, a work of popularization by the late H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley and G. P. Wells. The authors quote the passage to which I have already referred from Haldane's *Possible Worlds*.

"The assertion is still sometimes made that no one has seen Natural Selection at work. It is therefore perhaps worth giving in some detail a case recently described by Harrison. About 1800 a large wood in the Cleveland district of Yorkshire containing pine and birch, was divided into two by a stretch of heath. In 1885 the pines on one division were replaced by birches, while in the other the birches were almost entirely ousted by pines. In consequence the moth *Oporabia autumnata*, which inhabits both woods, has been placed in two different environments. In both woods a light and dark variety occur, but in the pine wood over ninety-six per cent are now dark, in the birch wood only fifteen per cent. . . . The reason for the difference was discovered on collecting the wings of moths found lying about in the pine wood, whose owners had been eaten by owls, bats, and night-jars. . . The whiter moths, which show up against the dark pines, are being exterminated, and in a few more years Natural Selection will have done its work and the pine wood will be inhabited entirely by dark coloured insects."

Now the authors had already stated that, selection is selection and not production. "There exists," they wrote, "a voluminous foolish literature of controversy in which Darwin is alleged to have taught that Natural Selection, in Heaven knows what inconceivable way, *produced* variations. Thereupon he is trounced, disposed of, burnt in controversial effigy and generally made an end to. Some victim of such mephitic controversy may chance to breathe the purer air of this work."

THE authors, therefore, must have realized that the passage that they quoted from Haldane merely reaffirmed the obvious truism that the fittest to survive survived, but however loudly they might assert that Natural Selection did not produce variations and however loudly they might boast that the "purer air" of their work was uninfected by

* My own position is that the available evidence is insufficient to justify a dogmatic belief either in evolution or special creation.

the suggestion that Natural Selection *produced* variations, they were still sub-consciously influenced by the anxiety to find an answer to Paley and to prove that Natural Selection was *creative*. So the phrase "*in the production of new characters*" was quietly interpolated in the original quotation and Professor Haldane's opening sentence was quoted as follows: " The assertion is still sometimes made that no one has ever seen Natural Selection at work in the production of new characters."

In their defence it might be urged that the interpolation merely developed an idea which was latent in the original passage. Professor Haldane's moths were described in an essay entitled *Darwinism To-day* and only a reader who was more alert than most of those who read the *Essays in Popular Science* would have realized that the story had no relevance whatever to the subject which Professor Haldane was discussing. The truism that black moths show up more against light trees than against dark trees was quietly smuggled into an article on Darwinism as if it was evidence for the creative power of Natural Selection, but it would take a great deal of Natural Selection to transform the story about the moths into an argument for "Darwinism To-day".

(IV)

IT is difficult to estimate how far Darwin's writings may fairly be used as evidence for the de-rationalizing influence of scientism, for it is not easy to decide whether Darwin was a scientian or even a consistent Darwinian. He had no gift of logical thought and no power to reason out his own position, and consequently it is easy to quote from his work passages in support of completely different positions.

His academic career was undistinguished. He made no attempt to read for Honours and finished tenth among those who entered for a Pass degree. He abandoned mathematics because he was unable, in his own words, "to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra". In later years the criticism of Natural Selection which made most impression on him was contained in an article which appeared in the *North British Review* and which referred to "a vague use of an imperfectly understood doctrine of chance among Darwinian supporters, a misunderstanding which led Darwinians to believe that species could be changed by the survival of a few individuals in a century through a similar and favourable variation". Had Darwin been a mathematician he would have realized the immense odds against the possibility of a species being radically transformed by Natural Selection.

Here is a passage from one of Darwin's works: "If an earthquake occurred in England what would become of the lofty houses, thickly parked cities, great manufacturies (*sic*), the beautiful public and private edifices?" One need not be a genius to answer this question. If the earthquake was severe "the beautiful public and private edifices" would depreciate in value. "The greatest of living men," as Darwin was described by an enthusiastic contemporary, then proceeds to explain that if the earthquake continued for some considerable time "England would be at once bankrupt", and that "all papers, records and accounts would from that moment be lost". There is a great deal more in this strain, and it is difficult to believe that a man who at the age of thirty-three could cover paper with these dreadful commonplaces was a genius.

IT is difficult to understand the great popularity enjoyed by *The Origin of Species* outside scientific circles except on the hypothesis that fashion will create a circulation for a book of the moment irrespective of the style in which it is written. "I have been reading the *Origin* again slowly," wrote Huxley, "with the view of picking out the essentials for the obituary notice. Nothing entertains me more than to hear people calling it easy reading. Exposition was not Darwin's forte—and his English is sometimes wonderful. But there is a marvellous dumb sagacity about him—like that of a sort of miraculous

dog—and he gets to the truth by ways as dark as those of the Heathen Chinee".

And just as it would be easy to prove Darwin a theist, an agnostic or an atheist by suitable quotations from his work, so it would be easy to demonstrate that he was a Lamarckian or anti-Lamarckian—according to the passage selected. One moment, for instance, he expresses surprise that the case of ants working by inherited instinct had not been brought forward as a demonstrative argument "against the well-known doctrine of inherited habit as advanced by Lamarck". At an earlier stage of his career he refers to nature as "making habit omnipotent and its effects hereditary"—pure Lamarckianism.

It would seem then that Darwin was never a clear thinker and that Scientism cannot be blamed for the inconsistencies of his writings, but Scientism certainly aggravated an inborn tendency to woolliness. His writings betray the conflict in his mind between sense and nonsense. He was subconciously aware of the fact that a man who professes to explain the origin of species ought to offer some explanation of the origin of variations, and he was compelled to camouflage his failure by a mist of meaningless verbiage.

To the question "How do variations arise?" he replies: "In living bodies variation will cause the slight alterations." In other words, variation will cause variation. How illuminating! He continues: "Generation will multiply them almost infinitely and Natural Selection will pick out with unerring skill each improvement." How can the blind process of pure chance be described as picking out variations with unerring skill? Skill is the opposite of chance. Here we have a good example of Darwin's silly habit of personifying Natural Selection and of attributing to it the characteristics of the Creator. Samuel Butler selected from different editions of *The Origin of Species* the fortuitous variations of a sentence which indicates Darwin's hesitating advance towards the personification of Natural Selection. In the 1859 edition we read:

"Further we must suppose that there is a power always intently watching each slight accidental alteration."

In the 1861 edition Natural Selection makes its coy appearance between brackets, and the passage reads:

"Further we must suppose that there is a power (Natural Selection), etc."

In the 1869 edition we read:

"Further we must suppose that there is a power represented by Natural Selection, etc."

AS Butler says: "Mr. Darwin probably said 'a power represented by Natural Selection' instead of 'Natural Selection', only because he saw that to talk too frequently about the fact that the most lucky live longest as 'intently watching something' was greater nonsense than would be prudent even for him to write, so he fogged it by making the intent watching done by 'a power represented by a fact' instead of by the fact itself. As the sentence stands it is just as great nonsense as it would have been if 'the survival of the fittest' had been allowed to do the watching instead of 'the power represented by' the survival of the fittest; but the nonsense is harder to dig up, and the reader is more likely to pass it over."

Even more striking is the evidence of loose thought in Darwin's remarks about theism.

He confesses that he is "impressed by the impossibility of conceiving this immense and wonderful universe, including man, with his capacity for looking far backwards and far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity. Thus reflecting, I feel compelled to look to a first cause having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to that of man; and I deserve to be called a theist. This conclusion was strong in my mind about the time, as far as I can remember, when I wrote *The Origin of Species*, and it is since that time that it has very gradually, with many fluctuations, become weaker. But then arises the doubt—Can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be

trusted 'when it draws such grand conclusions' . . .? But then with me the horrid doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lowest animals, are of any value or at all trustworthy. Would anyone trust the convictions of a monkey's mind, and are there convictions in such a mind?"

A clear thinker would never have been guilty of such inconsistent reasoning. If Darwin was not prepared to trust his mind when it drew the "grand conclusion" that God existed, why was he prepared to trust it when it drew the depressing conclusion that a mind of such bestial origin could not be trusted to draw any conclusion at all?

Darwin's mind at different periods of his life led him to two firm convictions: (a) that God exists, and (b) that man is descended from the lower animals.

If, as the result of (b) he lost confidence in his own mental processes, he might well have rejected both beliefs, but to retain the latter belief, which was the source of his scepticism, and to reject the former was illogical. It was, indeed, absurd to state on the same page that he "fully believed" in the bestial origin of his own mind, and that this same bestial origin did not entitle him "fully to believe" in anything.

MEMORY OF CHRIST CHURCH

WITHIN the cool sopranos' flow
The mingling voices twine and wreath,
Descend, and rise, and clamber slow
As anchored lilies from beneath
Calm waters, urging into light
Their transitory snow and gold
To bloom, and float, and with the night
Back into liquid darkness fold.

NESCA A. ROBB.

Short Story

MAD ABOUT HORSES

By N. M. ROBERTS

ON a Thursday evening in February, Upjohn, stooping to retrieve a ball of mending wool which had rolled off the lap of a fellow guest at his boarding house, ran a rusty darning needle a quarter of an inch into the second finger of his left hand. The next morning the finger was hot and throbbing. At intervals during the day he held it under the cold tap in the office lavatory and told himself the inflammation was lessening. On Saturday morning his whole hand was puffy and red. The doctor gave him an unpleasant moment when he lanced the gathered place, then he put on a dressing and bandage and said the arm should be kept in a sling. When Upjohn got back to the Cromwell Road he covered the seat of his bedroom chair with a folded up Daily Telegraph before standing on it to get down a suitcase from the top of the wardrobe. Inside, under his tennis flannels and a dress shirt, was a silk square block-striped in scarlet and lemon, which he had won by playing for the Second XI of one of those estimable but inconspicuous schools which you identify by naming the nearest railway junction. He folded it into a sling, tying a careful reef-knot in front of his collar-bone.

Afterwards, looking back at the beginning of the affair, searching for an explanation of his extraordinary behaviour, Upjohn could think only that those swashbuckling stripes were responsible. What else, possibly, could have impelled him when Wilson, meeting him on the office steps on Monday morning, said, "Cut your hand, Upjohn?" to reply fluently, "No—jarred my wrist a bit riding yesterday. I took an ender when the mare put her foot into a rabbit hole". The effect on Wilson, an aggressive type with a red neck, had been marked. "I didn't know you did any riding, old man," he said with respect. Upjohn had absolutely nothing to do with the voice that answered, "Rather—I'm mad about horses!" By the end of the day three more members of the staff had learned with surprise that their shy colleague was a keen horseman, and Upjohn had listened, with fascinated horror, to himself elaborating his experiences. He gathered that the mare was a grey, part-Arab, named Sea Mist, a bit inclined to get hot and silly if you didn't know how to handle her, but with a perfect mouth. Apparently he had been taught to ride as a small boy by his uncle in Kildare, who had brought him up after his father died. Upjohn had no uncle and had never set foot in Kildare, or, indeed, in any part of Ireland. His father had died twenty years ago. Clattering home on the District Line he found a trace of comfort in the fact. It was one strand of reality to which he could cling in this fantasy he had woven about himself.

THERE was, of course, nothing surprising in his having been goaded into some kind of gesture to boost his morale. Wilson was noisier and bigger and beefier than he was; with about the i.q. of a high-grade mental defective he had been promoted over Upjohn's head; he blew his nose on a high, sustained note like an F trumpet. Upjohn, slight, intelligent, prone to apologize when other people bumped into him, hated Wilson as far as hate was in his nice, unvenomous nature. Obviously it had been only a question of time before he said or did something to establish his superiority. The problem was why it had to be riding. Upjohn was a townsman by taste as well as circumstance: he took his exercise on lawn tennis courts. When he thought of horses at all he disliked them nearly as much as he disliked Wilson, regarding them as cumbersome, obsolete animals, whose sweet breath, their one pleasant feature, was offset by their repellent yellow tusks.

Oh, well, it was just one of those things, and Wilson and the others would have forgotten about it by to-morrow.

But Wilson and the others didn't forget. Upjohn's hand improved so rapidly that by Thursday he was able to take it out of the sling. On Friday, Andrews said, "I suppose you'll be out riding again this week-end?" Upjohn thought not. He didn't want to chance his wrist until it was absolutely sound again—that kind of injury could bother you for the rest of your life if you didn't give it time at first. But he'd be out the week-end after next. Morel struck in from the other side of the room. "Where d'you do your riding?" Upjohn deliberately didn't hear the question and thought madly during the pause before it was repeated. Where, within reach of London, could he ride in safety and seclusion? Places like Richmond, or Ken Wood, or Ham Common, were too public: anybody was liable to see him, so to speak, not riding there every Sunday. The South Downs were a bit far and probably fearfully fashionable and expensive when you got there. Wilson would wonder how he did it on his salary. He wrote off Essex because of the difficulty of getting from Kensington to Liverpool Street on Saturday mornings. "A little place in Ashdown Forest," he supplied when Morel's question came again. He waited for Wilson to announce that he had a cousin at Uckfield and would hope to see Upjohn next time he spent a week-end there, but all was well. Ashdown Forest had been a lucky shot. Emboldened he said, as he slammed the ledgers together decisively, "They'll be glad to see me coming out again. I'd been helping school a young horse for them. He's as wild as a rabbit yet, but I think he's going to make a class chaser". The others listened in flattering silence. When they left at 5.30 Wilson held open the door for him. Every other evening for the last seven years he had walked through first, sometimes letting the door crash back in Upjohn's face. The fairy tale was paying dividends, anyway.

BUT on the next Sunday afternoon Upjohn began to realize just what he had let himself in for. Contrary to the picture one tends to have of young men who live in boarding houses in the Cromwell Road, he was neither a comic nor a pathetic figure. He had a number of friends, he went to concerts of modern as well as classical music, he read the nineteenth century novelists with active enjoyment. At uncompromising intervals he took one of a short list of pleasant, personable young women out to dinner,or to the theatre. His real passion, though, was for china. Living, as he did, in a bed-sitter, he couldn't even if his means had allowed, collect it on any scale, though he had a few pieces in his room. Instead he read books about china, and visited collections, his finger tips tingling with love rather than covetousness when he looked at Dresden, Meissen and Sèvres, Royal Crown Derby, intricate Chelsea or the candid simplicities of Lowestoft and Swansea. When nothing else claimed him he had the habit of spending Sunday afternoons strolling, solitary and happy, round museums. This Sunday he was coming down the steps of the Victoria and Albert when, on the pavement not ten yards ahead of him, he saw Wilson, unfamiliar in a bowler hat, but undeniably Wilson. He froze like a pointer and Wilson passed unseeing. Upjohn was too perturbed to feel a proper degree of relief at his immediate deliverance. It was typical of the aseptic civility of office relations that he had only the vaguest notion of where each of his colleagues lived, and none at all of how they spent their leisure. Never before had he met one of them in Kensington: now it seemed impossible that he should fail to meet all of them there every week-end. What else should people do on Saturdays and Sundays but visit Olympia or Brompton Oratory, call on aunts in Holland Road or take small nephews to the Natural History Museum? Perils encompassed him on every side, plainly he must get out of London at the week-ends.

"Getting out of London," to a man of Upjohn's ordered tastes, meant one thing

only—the South Coast. The next Saturday he took a ticket to Eastbourne. The trip was distinctly a success but the bill made a hole in his month's pay cheque that you could drive a governess cart through. He couldn't afford that kind of week-end more than about once in two months. There followed another complication. The sea air had whipped a tinge of colour into his usually pale cheeks, and on Monday his colleagues remarked on it. Morel, in particular, couldn't understand how all that riding didn't give Upjohn a more obviously open-air appearance. To look at him you'd think he spent all his time poling round art galleries or something instead of cantering about Sussex. The remark made Upjohn shy like a yearling colt. When he got home in the evening he sat before his dressing table mirror and studied himself in the unequivocal light of a naked electric bulb. The flush of Eastbourne had subsided already. Morel was right—this was not the face of a tamer of horses. His pallor was that of an indoor worker, sedentary in his recreation even. What on earth was he to do about it when he couldn't afford week-ends in the country or at the seaside? He spent the next two week-ends respectively at Richmond and at Kew, turning up his face to the March sunshine and starting at every distant glimpse of a pair of heavy shoulders that might be Wilson's, a trench coat that might be girded about Andrews, before the idea came to him. He must walk. It kept you out of doors, and it took you to the sort of places where you weren't likely to meet anybody you knew, and it could be done cheaply by staying at Youth Hostels.

THERE began, now, a really dreadful period for Upjohn. Looking back over his thirty-two years he could not remember a time when he had been so acutely and consistently unhappy. Previously he had regarded walking simply as a means of getting from one point to another point when the distance between them didn't warrant a bus or a bicycle. To walk merely for the sake of walking, setting out from places one didn't particularly want to leave for places one didn't particularly want to get to, covering distances that even a bus might find fatiguing, was a savage idea. The reality was worse. His light shoes gave him sore feet so he bought a pair of heavy ones. They dragged him down like millstones, and he seemed to be walking on the point of each separate nail. After the first few weeks he gave up trying to trace footpaths on maps he couldn't read, and trudged along the roads and lanes, trying vainly to gain some pleasure from his surroundings. He had little taste for rural landscape, preferring parks and ornamental gardens, and the only things in the country he approved were the wild flowers, about which he felt less as a botanist than as one who had already learned to admire their modesty and neatness sprigging the most delicious of English china. He would have liked to pick some, but how could he arrive at his Youth Hostel hung like a votive ox with wilting garlands? The hostels were the worse part of it. Upjohn, while it would be unjust to call him pernickety, was a fastidious person for whom eating off a plain deal table and splashing in a tin basin were a penance whose rigours familiarity did nothing to soften. The dormitories, twenty men to a room, on racks, like doughnuts, made school in retrospect seem sybaritic. While the sleepers grunted antiphonally around him he would lie with his face to the wall, thinking alternately of how pleasant an afternoon he could have spent at the Wallace Collection and of the new riding anecdotes he must have ready for the office on Monday.

For during the whole of this summer, as if in compensation for the miseries he endured between Friday and Monday, the horse stories he told his colleagues grew more fluent, more extravagant and more technical. He bought a book about riding and embellished his tales with easy references to standing and running martingales, gag snaffles and Pelhams with or without a port. In May he began schooling the young Irish chestnut, who had been named Paddy Doyle, over the jumps. After

one particularly disastrous week-end he staged a triumph at a gymkhana. It had rained, and he had got to his hostel damp and shivery, with a raw blister on one heel. There was no hot water; there were baked beans, which he loathed, for supper; the common room was dominated by a large party of young people with Birmingham accents, one of whom played the mouth organ. In his bunk that night, with a chilly stiffness in all his joints and a huge, burning pain in his heel, he was shocked to find that the flap of the sleeping bag under his cheek was damp. He had actually been crying from nerves and exhaustion and despair. He had disrupted his orderly, agreeable life by an insane lie, and he was condemned now to spending his leisure for the whole of the foreseeable future in a way he detested. He dragged the blankets closer about him and longed for the faded amber eiderdown of his Cromwell Road bedroom.

HE woke with a sniffly cold. They'd had a long jog home after the gymkhana, he told Wilson, and he'd got wet, and then hung round seeing to the horses before changing. But he'd won the novice jumping with Paddy Doyle, who'd never put a foot wrong, and come second in the Handy Hunter class with a big brown horse called Double Scotch, and Sea Mist had won the bending race and musical chairs for him. So it was worth it. He sneezed. Morel wanted to know if he wore a crash helmet for jumping: wasn't if fearfully dangerous without? No, said Upjohn, just an ordinary hunting bowler with a reinforced crown. Gymkhanas weren't like point to points. Had he ridden in a point to point, Andrews asked, and panic crawled in Upjohn's hair-roots. There was nothing about point to points in his riding book. A fresh spasm of sneezing saved him, he retired to the lavatory and gulped quinine until his ears sang.

The next day he had himself measured for a pair of riding breeches. This, when he thought about it, worried him more than all the rest of his farrago put together. The breeches—he got them from a firm mentioned approvingly in the chapter on kit in his riding book, and they cost so much that he had to forego the pleasure of buying a Spode cup and saucer he had been admiring in a Cork Street dealer's window—were a gesture to his phantom self, and they brought that self perilously near life. There were times when Upjohn almost believed in the existence of the keen riding man, the dare-devil sportsman he had created, and who was now beginning to demand more sustenance than tall stories and the mugging up of books on stable management and how to change the lead in a canter. All the same there was something about the breeches. He tried them on in his room. Though a light-weight, and not tall, he was neatly built, with straight shoulders and slim, not spindly, legs. After four months of week-end road bashing his face was healthily brown. The figure in the full length mirror surprised him by its trimly confident air. He took a few experimental paces. Without the flapping of trousers about his ankles he felt brisk and compact; his stride became crisper, more decisive. There was a slight carry-over to the office. Once or twice, during the following weeks he caught himself running upstairs slapping a rolled-up newspaper against a thigh that knew the feel of whipcord. He noticed that, these days, Morel and Andrews tended to defer to his opinions. Even Wilson now put his own books away instead of leaving Upjohn to tidy up. On one occasion the manager called him in to clear up a matter for a client. Upjohn had nice manners and he knew his stuff. He impressed himself by the quiet assurance with which he put it over this time. As he closed the door behind him he heard old Birchill's voice, "Yes—capable young fellow. Great horseman, they tell me . . ."

BUT always there were the week-ends, the furtive exodus from London, the barbaric waste of time. August was turning into September and the cubbing season would

be starting. There would be things about hunting to read up, and there was the problem of what to do with himself at week-ends when autumn stiffened into winter. He flinched from the thought of straying over the Berkshire Downs in December, but he couldn't stay in bed all day every Sunday. The whole thing frightened him a little in its cumulative effect—a pricked finger and a bit of foolish bravado, and here he was with a ruddy tan, and a pair of riding breeches, instead of a piece of Spode, and a disposition to contradict Wilson and do it effectively. Where would it end?

On a September afternoon nippy enough to make him think apprehensively of the coming week-end he gave himself half an hour off to think the thing out over tea and toast. As he went down the office steps it occurred to him that, six months ago, he would never have done this. Then it was Wilson who went out for cups of tea, leaving Upjohn to cope with anything that cropped up in his absence. To-day Upjohn had looked back round the door to say: "If Saunders comes through for me, tell him I'll ring back, will you?" and Wilson's, "Right!" had implied unquestioning acceptance. He ordered China tea, with lemon, and realized with the first whiff of its frail perfume that it was wrong. Riding men drank strong Indian tea, with sugar, and ate poached eggs on muffins, or Gentleman's Relish in sandwiches, not strips of toast and honey. Trivial as the detail was, it was a depressing reminder of how all-pervasive was his assumed personality, spreading like a virus until no department of his life was safe from the infection. He disliked Gentleman's Relish and muffins always gave him indigestion. Upjohn sighed, and was moved to quick pity at the sight of his worn, despondent face in the mirror opposite. And now, what to do?

THE one thing he could not do was recant. He was not melodramatic but, quite sincerely, he would rather kill himself—expeditiously, naturally, and with as little pain and mess as might be, but still, kill himself—than hear Wilson's bellowing laughter, the sniggers of the rest, when they heard he had been lying all the time. The obvious solution, of course, was to learn to ride. But even if he could have afforded it, riding was even more uncomfortable than walking so he would be worse off than he was now. Over the third cup of tea the conclusion which for weeks he had been evading, dodging and doubling with increasing desperation, faced him: as he payed his bill and walked back along Chancery Lane it pinned him down. He would have to change his job. It wouldn't be difficult to get another. He had ability and the right kind of experience, of late he had felt increasingly sure of old Birchill's approval, so there wouldn't be any snags about references. The trouble was that he hated changes of any kind and there was no real certainty that this change would bring deliverance. People working at the same sort of job within a half-mile radius of the Law Courts all seemed to know each other and were always meeting in pubs and clubs and teashops. Morel or Andrews would run into somebody from his new office at lunch and say casually, "How's Upjohn getting on? Still mad on riding?" and it would start all over again. Why, for heaven's sake, had horses ever been created? He glowered at the only one in sight, a massy grey drayhorse, shifting and blowing in the shafts of a near-empty wagon drawn up at a bar door.

He was fifty yards or so ahead when the noise came. A back-firing exhaust, sharp as gunfire; a clatter that was two empty casks careering across the road; engulfing both their echoes the thundering of the grey horse, mad with fright, coming along at a lumbering gallop, the reins waving frivolous as ribbons. Upjohn's jump from the kerb was as perfectly timed as it was involuntary. He could not have said how he got to the horse's head and the thought in his mind as he hung there, dangling like a loosely-filled marionette was, "But this isn't me. I'm not the sort of fellow who stops runaway horses". He got a

glimpse of his striped trouser bottoms bumping against the shaggy fetlocks, of his black felt hat rolling across the pavement. There was neither time nor breath to feel frightened; everything was swallowed up in a confusion of noise and violence in which his only conscious idea was that he must hold on. The weight of a City policeman on the offside finally stopped the horse that his ten stone could only slow when it was within a dozen yards of the end of Chancery Lane. It came up with a clang and glitter of iron and they retrieved a crumpled, insensate Upjohn from the gutter where he had rolled after the side of one of the great hoofs had slashed his head open and a wheel had gone over his leg.

HE enjoyed the hospital after the first week. He had a private ward, with cool, parchment walls and a bowl of Swedish glass in which his friends kept the flowers constantly renewed. China would have been better, but he felt enough affection for the glass to run caressing finger-tips over it occasionally. He read a good deal once his head had stopped hurting. It was months since he had been able to lead so civilized and unharassed a life, and, as his leg was obviously going to be a long job, he could let the future slide for a bit. When Wilson sent him a book on horses and horsemanship that cost two guineas and was printed on the kind of hard, shiny paper that smells slightly, he gave it, with no conpunction, to the youngest probationer, a gawky girl who spent her days off trotting lumpily about Middlesex lanes.

Old Birchill came at the end of the second week, noisy as only a big man on tiptoe can be, and inclined to be emotional—"proud of you, my boy". There was a departmental headship to be filled. He could admit now that he had thought of Wilson. Not that he'd ever questioned Upjohn's ability, but you needed a bit of self-assertion for that sort of job. There wasn't any doubt now, of course. He'd noted for some time a new decisiveness about Upjohn, and after this . . . Oh, the new job carried a £250 salary increase.

UPJOHN was lying back, happily translating the £250 into terms of his own flat instead of the boarding house, and the china which he would adorn it, when Wilson came the next afternoon. He looked, in the pale room, extra thick and red, and there seemed to be something on what you had to call his mind. He got the congratulations over and then began to stammer and shuffle.

"Is anything wrong?" asked Upjohn kindly. Wilson bilked once more, then it all came like a dam bursting. It was the doctor —he'd asked Wilson to break the news, knowing they were friends. He'd be able to walk, of course, and hardly limp at all, and it was astonishing how people could even play tennis once they'd adapted their game. Actually there wasn't any reason why he shouldn't potter about the lanes quietly, only for a man who was so mad about horses that might be worse than nothing. And, of course, he was lucky to have kept the leg.

WILSON'S lack of elegance was infectious. Upjohn couldn't ever before remember using an expression like, "Spill it!" Wilson raised a sweating, crimson face and said, "Well, you'll never be able to ride again properly, because a couple of muscles have gone in your leg".

His head went down once more. Upjohn lay still. Wilson's wrist watch and the small clock on the bedside table ticked against each other.

The silence lasted a full minute. When he looked up, Upjohn was lying with his eyes shut, and Wilson, whose perceptions, normally, had something less than an agonizing sensibility, realized the presence of tragedy. He gripped Upjohn's shoulder and went away without a word.

Upjohn lay without moving, tasting a sense of inexpressible lightness and peace. It was some time before it crystallized into a thought: when it did so he made an eager movement under the covers. The very moment he got out of hospital he would sell his riding breeches and buy the Spode cup and saucer.

BALADE

(Sur ceux qui louent le temps passé)

CHASCUN blasme tousjours le temps present,
Et prise mieulx l'ancien de jadis
Ou il avoit, ce dient, meilleur gent;
Mais il est vray qu'il a esté toudis
De bonnes gens, de mauvais et faintis,
Et est encor, fut toudis et sera
De maleureux, d'eureux et de chetis,
Ne jamès jour la regle ne faurra.

Cayn, Abel furent d' Adam enfant,
Deux seulz freres: l'un fut de l'autre occis;
Joseph vendus, c'est du viel Testament,
Des lors furent les freres ennemis;
Moises Aron si furent bons amis:
Se l'un se fait, l'autre se deffera;
L'un est amez, li autres es hais,
Ne jamais jour la regle ne faurra.

Pluseurs se sont portez mauvaisement
Ou temps passé, com Noiron li despis,
Et Ganelon qui trait faussement
Les .XII. pers en Roncevaulx: aussis
Les uns vivent, les autres sont murdris;
L'un enrrichist et l'autre apovrira:
C'est tout secle, l'un a bien, l'autre pis,
Ne jamès jour la regle ne faurra.

EUSTACHE DESCHAMPS.
(1346-1406)

Oeuvres Complètes de Eustache Deschamps: Société des Anciens Textes Français: en 11 tomes; Paris, 1878-1903. Tome II. pp. 6-7. No. CLXXXIX.

BALLAD

(On those who praise the times past)
From the French of Eustache Deschamps (1346-1406)

ALL men are wont to blame the present day,
And prize, as better far, the days of old:
Our forefathers were finer men, we say;
But verily methinks if truth were told
A black sheep may be found in every fold;
Some men were happy then, as now, some sad;
And some had craven hearts, and some were bold:
What age was ever wholly good or bad!

Abel and Cain, were they not Adam's sons,
Brothers? and yet the one the other slew!
And Joseph's brethren, too, were wicked ones;
Since when there were bad brothers not a few.
But Moses brotherly with Aaron grew,
Loyal and changeless in the love they had;
Some men are loved, some hated; nothing's new:
What age was ever wholly good or bad!

In ancient times were there no murderous men?
Lived not the cruel Nero long ago?
And played not Ganelon the traitor, when
The twelve Peers fell at fatal Roncevaux?
At all times one has joy, another woe,
And while some lose the little wealth they had,
Abundant riches unto others flow:
What age was ever wholly good or bad!

CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL.

STURM UND DRANG

By RUSSELL McKINNON CROFT

THE shadow of Russian Communism, which is even yet lengthening over Europe, has measured itself dramatically across the face of post-war diplomacy, and has cast into comparative obscureness the dimensions of a peril more deadly, because more subtle, than any of the barbaric flourishes of the Kremlin: Germany. In May, 1945, Germany lay utterly defeated; her armies trounced in the field, her cities shattered, millions of her people on the edge of starvation. It did not seem possible to think of her seriously as a source of future war-making, certainly not within the lifetime of most of those responsible for her downfall. There were many, indeed, who believed she had been routed for ever from the field of European aggressors; as France was, in effect, after 1815. Unfortunately, there are many who still believe that to-day. But, five years on, the picture is vastly changed; blurred outlines have sharpened, groups and figures have loomed on the landscape, colours are bolder. Let us study it.

After 8th May, 1945, when the Zones of Occupation agreed on at the Yalta Conference were set up, Allied Military Government, supplemented by Control Commissions, administered Germany. In that same month and year the Potsdam Conference, the four victorious powers (Britain, the U.S., France and Russia) agreed, among other matters such as reparations, on the economic unity of Germany. This agreement the Russians failed to honour; accordingly in January, 1947, as a step to economic stability, the British and American Zones were fused economically. In June, 1948, currency reform was instituted in the Western Zones, and the Mark was stabilized.

MEANWHILE the rift between Russia and the Western Allies, between the Eastern and the Western Zones of Germany, was continually widening. The Soviet Zone was being shaped on the lines of Russia's other satellites, as a Communist-governed State. The familiar Soviet apparatus of secret police, workers' councils, single-party elections, and controlled Press appeared. The Socialist Unity Party was formed, under Communist control, towards the end of 1946, as a sort of Left-wing "blanket" party to rally under one banner all those elements most disposed to co-operate with Russia; and although huge minorities have voted against it in every election held, it has invariably controlled the administration; its leaders, Herren Pieck, Grotewohl and Ulbricht, acting under the direct orders of Moscow and the Russian military authorities. In October of last year a "German Democratic Republic" was proclaimed without even the formality of elections; and, under the same personalities, the work of Sovietization goes on.

In the Western Zones, a different course was pursued. In December, 1948, an International Ruhr Authority was set up by Statute, to exercise control over the distribution—as between export and home consumption—of Ruhr coal, coke, and steel. Our own processes of democracy were introduced when the ban on political parties was lifted early in 1946, and were followed up in stages* until in August of last year elections were held throughout the three Zones for membership of the Bündestag of a West German Federal Republic whose Constitution was passed into law the previous May (23rd). By the terms of this Constitution, the Federal Government —formed the following 20th September with Dr. Adenauer as its first Chancellor—received a large measure of legislative, executive, and judicial power. Certain powers—of disarmament and demilitarization, reparations,

* Of freely held elections to towns, villages and districts' councils, then to those of the *Länder*.

foreign affairs and foreign trade—were reserved to the Occupying Powers under the Occupation Statute published in April, 1949. In January, 1949, a Military Security Board was set up by the Western Military Governors. Its task was to supervise all German activities, in order to prevent the formation of military or para-military organizations, and the manufacture or import of arms.

Within a month or two of its formation, the Federal Government was admitted to the Organization for European Recovery; and shortly after that the Committee of Ministers of the Council of Europe agreed in principle to West Germany's becoming an associate member of the Assembly. On 17th November, last, a conference of the British, U.S., and French Foreign Ministers issued a communiqué from the Quai d'Orsay which contained the following illuminating statement: "The Foreign Ministers reaffirmed their policy, as expressed in the Occupation Statute, of giving to the Federal Republic a wide area of free determination in the conduct of German affairs, an area which, under the statute, would grow wider as the administration of the Federal Republic gave confidence that it was proceeding towards the establishment of a free, democratic and peaceful Germany. At the same time the Ministers considered it appropriate to support and foster the progressive integration of the German people into the European community." On that note of cheerful optimism and vague intent the matter, as far as the Western Allies are concerned, may be said to rest.

NOT, however, for the Germans. Dr. Adenauer has from time to time uttered darkly that the Saar ought to be German again. Dr. Schumacher, the Social Democrat leader of the Opposition in the Bündestag, has frequently remarked that Germans will not be content with an Oder-Neisse frontier in the East. As recently as last January two West German Ministers made challenging speeches. Herr Dehler, Minister of Justice, said in Hamburg that France was more responsible than Germany for the first war, and that Versailles exonerated Germany from sole blame for Hitler. Herr Kaiser, Minister for All-German affairs, issued a memorandum proposing the incorporation, by plebiscite, of the Saar into the West Republic as a twelfth "*Land*". In the same month certain interesting events took place on the subject of West German Defence. Dr. Adenauer consulted a former Panzer General, Kurt Manteuffel, who appears to have advised him to "keep German Panzer formations in mind by the end of 1951". It would perhaps be better if Dr. Adenauer kept in mind the fact that his Government is not responsible for defence. Manteuffel belongs to an ex-officers' organization called *Die Bruderschaft*, an unofficial formation of the German military caste which is very closely connected with a nationalist political group known as the *Deutsche Bewegung* (German Movement). The founder of a similar movement—*Deutsche Aktion*—Prince Hubertus du Loewenstein, has also recently been vocal. He has spoken of the virtues of a new "Reich", embodying the restoration of Germany's former frontiers, and of the merits of Prussianism.

All these are straws in the wind; a wind which, unless it is checked, will blow Germany out of our control and into that of the nationalists to whose revival these straws point. These nationalists are legion. They might be said to include all Prussians and almost all other Germans.* Their leaders are everywhere, East and West. In the Soviet Zone, Field Marshals von Paulus and von Seidlitz are training a German Army under Russian sponsorship, openly. In the West, where as yet, no military formations are allowed, nationalist expression takes the form of speeches against the Allies, protests against dismantling, and the revival of parties such as the German Party. For in the last resort,

* The German Party (in the West), successor to the former *Zentrum* Party, is one of their most militant groupings. It contains many former Nazis, and has great influence in Dr. Adenauer's Government.

the political differences between East and West Germany are largely artificial. Under the Russians, it is wise to be pro-Communist, under the Western Allies, a show of democratic zeal is politic. Both methods tend to the same purpose, the restoring of Germany's lost might; in that endeavour, all other political creeds subserve the one great unifying doctrine of Germans: Germanism. One cannot forget that in 1933 five million German Communists became Nazis almost overnight. In 1953 that kind of history might well be repeated. So much for pious hopes from the Quai d'Orsay.

HOW has all this come about? How is it that we, who crushed the Germans less than five years ago in the most stupendous war the world has known, now see them once more arrogant and assertive, their bellies filled with unrationed foods, their economy sustained over that period by nearly six hundred millions of British money alone, their thoughts once more turning eagerly to the vision of a resurgent Reich? Chiefly because the policy the Allies in general, and the British in particular, have adopted towards them and their country since 1945, is to say the least, ignorant and wrongheaded. When the Great Alliance which defeated Napoleon made its European settlement, its chief preoccupation was to ensure that neither a new Revolution nor a revival of militarism should emanate again from France. In that it succeeded. Europe had general peace for a hundred years. It did not concern itself with witch-hunting, educational reform, or French internal politics.* Lord Castlereagh crossed Europe slowly in a coach, and was familiar with his route as well as his destination. Mr. Bevin during the last five years has travelled more widely and much faster by air; but it must be doubted if he has always been quite sure of where he was, even on arrival. We have hanged several prominent Germans and imprisoned many others, in accordance with a dubious code of international law; we have attempted to organize German political life on "democratic" lines, and in a score of ways made ourselves responsible for trying to create a reformed, peace-loving Germany. We have failed; for the air is heavy with the threat of yet another war.

In the first place, we have insisted on treating the German problem as moral, whereas it is in fact political. We have made artificial distinctions between "good" and "bad" Germans, between degrees of culpability in individuals and corporate bodies, when the moral and political responsibility for the late war and its consequences can only be that of the German people as a whole. We have set up "denazification" tribunals, we have created an organization (Education Branch of Control Commission) to "re-educate" the Germans, on the naïve assumptions that a national psychology can be transformed by censoring a few facts in history books and that we (the conquerors, albeit) will be regarded as so saintly that nothing but the purest manna of truth can come from us.

SECONDLY, we have completely misread German character and psychology. When we occupied our Zones of Germany in 1945, we failed to behave at all like the German idea of a conqueror. The order then was Montgomery's "Non-frat". Now it is the British High Commissioner's instruction of last autumn "Be respectful to the Germans", and his attempt (happily unsuccessful) to make Army officers as well as Control Commission officials wear "civvies" whenever they mix with Germans. The German respects a master who acts as if he owns the place; not a timid equal who almost apologizes for being there. He loves uniforms, and despises those who seem afraid to put them on for fear of appearing "too militaristic". By not trampling in our own brand of jackboot on the German, by, in fact, being "nice" to him, we have only succeeded in forfeiting

* Save in restoring the Bourbons, suggested by Talleyrand himself. The Côde Napoleon, for example, remained in force, unimpaired.

his obeisance. We cannot now blame him if he looks round, in accordance with his nature, for a real boss from among his own people. But by a strange paradoxical quirk, we expect the Germans to respond enthusiastically to our planning of their public life, our organizing of their politics, even to the dismantling of their industrial plant (a source of national pride as well as war potential) as the peaceful reforms of a kindly friend. We don't appear to realize that the Germans do not look on us as their liberators from Nazi tyranny but as occupiers of their beloved Fatherland; and any intrinsic merit our activities might have is more than offset by the stigma they have acquired as the work of the invader. The Nazis were not looked upon as oppressors by the vast majority of Germans; they are not reviled now for having made the war, but for losing it.

In the third place, when we *have* approached the German problem politically, we have set about it wrongly. We imagined that in 1945 all that was necessary to transform Germany from a barbarous dictatorship to a civilized democracy was to re-start party politics. Accordingly, there were organized, in October, 1946, the first free elections since November, 1932, for the councils of the towns, villages, and *Kreis* (districts). They were followed the next year by the *Länder* (States) elections, and finally, last August, by those for the Federal Republic's Parliament. All this was very fine in theory; but you cannot imbue a nation with the democratic spirit simply by saddling it with democratic institutions. The Germans, indeed, are not, and never have been, a democratically inclined people. They have always been uneasy in debate, preferring action. They revel in discussion groups, pursuing them interminably; but these are an end in themselves, a satisfaction to the voluble and persistent German mind; they are never expected to lead to anything practical. In that sphere, homage is reserved for the political buccaneer, the embodiment of the "Führerprinzip", the man of deeds, not words. The words are doubly despised, together with the system they represent, when they come as the gift of an occupying foreigner.

AGAIN, we have consistently failed to recognize who are the real and perpetual rulers in Germany, whatever talking is done at Bonn or any other so-called Federal capital. The only capital the Germans recognize at heart (*vide* Dr. Schumacher and others) is Berlin, and the one body which has always been in control of Germany is the Prussian Military Caste. This is the group which constructed the German Empire and the German war-making machine under the Hohenzollerns and their statesmen, and, accepting for its own ends the German Republic of 1918, began systematically from that date (as the records* show) to prepare the military foundations for the war of 1939. While we have busied ourselves in making the Nazis the chief target of our condemnation it has too often been overlooked that there were huge military and para-military organizations in being and in armed training in Germany long before the Nazi Party came to power, all of them contrary to the provisions of the Versailles Treaty. These were the creation of the General Staff, under their faithful servant Hindenburg

It was the German Generals, indeed, who recognized in Hitler and his mob supporters ideal instruments to provide the essential mass support for their War Idea among a German people whom defeat and depression had steered into Communism and pacifism. They it was who instructed Alfred Hugenberg† to offer Hitler the Chancellorship on 30th January, 1933. They it was who arranged and sealed a pact between the *Reichswehr* (Army) and the Nazi Party the following 21st March, which took the latter into a Government Coalition. From that unholy union was born the Third Reich. And they

* From the archives of the German General Staff, in the Bendler-Strasse, Berlin.

† Leader of the Nationalist Party in the Reichstag, and a "stooge" of the Generals.

it is to-day who, in the persons of hundreds of young staff captains, majors and lieutenant-colonels—Generals to be—are plotting and planning in secret places of the Fatherland the military reorganization of a Greater Germany of the future; a Germany which, freed from foreign occupation and unified under a traditionally Nationalist Government controlled by them, the Caste, shall rise once more in military might and re-affirm the dictum which Clausewitz pronounced and Bismarck fulfilled: that the State is Power, and War a continuation of policy. Then will be born the Fourth Reich.

We have, finally, as Allies, failed to devise a common, workable policy for Germany, which will not only satisfy the various sectional interests of the Western Powers, but will guarantee the object for which the war was fought, and to the principles of which we all tacitly adhere: to make Germany incapable of making another war. We have poured money into Germany, to help her economic recovery; we have given her a Western Government on the democratic model; we have given asylum in the West to more than nine million refugees from the tyranny of the Soviet Zone; we have opened her schools again, her churches worship in freedom, there is a free (and abusive) Press, and a growing prosperity in all quarters of her economic life. We are about to extend to her the hand of friendship and participation in the Council of Europe. But instead of the gratitude which the policymakers fondly hope for, instead of the indications of a contrite peace-loving Germany (upon which flimsy expectation, indeed, our present policy is based) we have the old, sinisterly familiar cries for the Saar, for an extended frontier in the East, for a stop to be put to the dismantling of potential war-plant, for the re-creation of the German shipbuilding and civil aviation industries; for a place in the sun, a place in the sun, a place in the sun. We have heard it all before; only then it was Weimar and the Nazis. Now it is the multiple voice of the Frankenstein we ourselves are so assiduously creating; and which, true to type, will overwhelm us once more, unless it is destroyed in time.

WHAT, then should we do? First, recognize clearly that Germany is a political problem only to be solved by political means. This involves abandoning "re-education", trying to turn the Germans into democrats, expecting them suddenly, against all the historical evidence, to become seized with a love for peace, all trials of war criminals, and all the other apparatus of imposed reform. Then we must make ourselves thoroughly aware of the nature of this political problem: namely, *to devise means of reducing to a minimum the chances of Germany making war ever again.* What are these means?

Manifestly, we could try and exterminate the entire German nation, and that would be a solution of a sort. We could occupy the country indefinitely. Neither of these courses is desirable. The Germans must take their place peacefully in the European family, and they must do so as free peoples responsible for the management of their own affairs. There remains a third way: to create, not one Germany, but several Germanies; in other words, *to break up the Germany we know into a number of independent, self-governing sovereign States.*

It is obvious that for the present this policy could only be carried out in the Western Zones; a settlement for East Germany must wait upon the outcome of events with Russia. But in the West there are several fairly homogeneous States which would emerge. Bavaria is a straightforward example. In the scope of this article, it is only the principle of the setting up of separate States and the general character of each which can be established. Detailed fixing of boundaries, whatever one's private opinions, can only be negotiated and settled by Commissions of experts on the spot, at the time, with reference to local topography and populations. But there are several States which would conform

to the contours of one or more former German Principalities or Palatinates, sovereign States in the days of the North German Confederation, before the idea of German unity had germinated. Among these are a North Rhine-Westphalia State, one comprising Hanover, Brunswick, Lüneburg, Oldenburg and possibly Schleswig-Holstein (although this might well be a State on its own) to be called, say Nieder-Sachsen (Lower Saxony), a State composed of the Württemburg-Baden territories, and a Hesse Palatinate (to cover areas such as Hesse-Kassel, Nassau, Frankfurt Province, etc.).

EACH of these States should be sovereign, having its Head of State (President or Princeling), Government and Legislature, and be responsible for its own foreign policy, internal administration, and the control of its police and armed forces. Within its own borders, the form of Government each State chooses should be its own affair alone. It should send and receive diplomatic representatives, not only to all other sovereign States outside Germany, but to each of the other German States created with it. All States should be joined in a loose Federation, without a Federal capital (the symbol of Berlin is a danger to be eradicated) and without a central government, but with a Federal Consultative Assembly, meeting at stated intervals, and possessing a permanent secretariat. This body would co-ordinate the economic, fiscal and commercial policies of the Confederation, but would not be empowered to discuss political matters nor to concern itself with any form of military or defensive alliance between any two or more States. By the proposed Federal Constitution, no such alliance would be possible. Each State, separately, however, would be admitted as an independent member of the Council of Europe and of the forces of Western Union. The problem of the defence of the German States, and of their place in an integrated Western Europe, would thus be solved without the danger either of leaving Germany defenceless on the one hand, or of her playing too dominant a rôle (as a united Reich) in the community of the nations of Western Europe, on the other.

The common objections voiced against this plan are chiefly three: that it would not receive the consent of the majority of the German people, that it is not economically sound, and that a divided Germany would leave Western Europe open to the dangers of Russian infiltration. To these I would answer: first, that our object is not to please Germans but to save Europe. Did not even a single German prefer the idea of a Confederation of German States, it would still be the best idea; but in point of fact there are millions of Germans who subscribe to the principles of Separatism, particularly in the West. Dr. Adenauer himself worked for a separate Rhineland after 1918, until in 1923 the Allies foolishly banned his activities. Bavarian separatism flourished at the same time, until its leader, Kurt Eisner, the Bavarian Prime Minister, was murdered by German Army officers fearful of his success.* Other such movements emanated from states like Hanover, Hesse, and others, under the Weimar Republic. Only the German nationalists hate separatism, for it would be the end of their persistent dream of a great, strong, unified Reich, dominated by Prussia and the Army, and having as its goal, war.

Secondly, I would reply that the economic stability of a German Confederation would, as West Germany now does, depend on us. There would be many initial difficulties, but instead of, as now, spending money to resurrect a united and potentially dangerous Fatherland, we could use our loans and gifts for those States most in need of them, until such time as (by their own efforts) they had each put their economy on a sound footing. . . . Lastly, the idea that a strong Germany is necessary against the Russians is both incorrect and dangerous. It is the Russians themselves who are most anxious for German

* 21st February, 1919, in Münich.

unity. It is true that they want to see Communism established there, whereas we want a parliamentary democracy; but still more do they desire a nationalist Germany which will be strong enough militarily to take on for them their cold war against the West when it begins to get hot. That is why they launched last August the "National Front", in an effort to appeal to "all nationally-minded men and women"; their Socialist Unity Party's oppressive policy having discredited Communism as a rallying doctrine in the East as well as in the West. It is not without significance that the first adherents to the National Front cause came from the "National Democratic Party", an organization largely made up of former Nazis. Russia, in fact—in UNO, in Four Power conferences and in her own Zone—has always posed as the champion of a unified Germany. The one thing she wishes to avoid is an open conflict with the West. But, perhaps, remembering those other Russo-German alliances which had fateful consequences for Europe (Bismarck in 1863, Hitler in 1939) she realizes that this may not be necessary.

IT may be asked: "Is it not too late to divide up Germany?"; the answer is that it can never be too late to try and save Western civilization from the consequences of another German war. For that is where our present policy is taking us. As things are now tending, the two halves of Germany must one day unite; whether that unity is Communist, Socialist, "Democrat" or anything else, does not matter; the significant point is that it will be nationalist, Prussian-controlled,* pledged inevitably to restore German national prestige. That will mean turning upon the countries who brought that prestige low. And that will mean war.

A German Confederation of separate States, on the other hand, each armed for its owned fence as a partner in Western Union, but none powerful enough (as a united Germany would inevitably be) to control and upset that Union or to make war on its own account: that would be a constructive policy for peace. It would redound to the mutual benefit of the Allies, for the one desire of the nations of Western Europe is to see Germany no longer a force for war; it would elevate the prestige of Britain, if she proposed it, for Britain is regarded as the natural leader of these same nations of Western Europe, and it is from her that they all seek inspiration; and, at home, it offers the Conservative Party a vigorous foreign policy in Europe to put against the ill-informed and vacillating drift of Mr. Bevin. That indeed, is the only way in which our present alarms can be quieted; but it is Great Britain who must take the lead in such a venture. That will require the exercise of courage, resolution, vision and enduring wisdom. But without these virtues we, and Europe with us, must perish.

"It may be asked," said H. A. L. Fisher,* "whether the system of small German states has not been more favourable to liberty and to the cultivation and refinement of the emotions than the modern Reich, assailed by the tempests of world politics and racked by the passions of internal strife."

Thomas Mann, like Goethe a great German who despised German nationalism, thought it unnecessary even to pose the question which the academic caution of Fisher demanded. "A relaxation of the Reich structure on federal lines," he observed, † "will be perhaps the fairest arrangement, and the one most adapted to the multifarious qualities of the German genius." To us, seeking an end to the struggle of barbarisms and the mounting destruction of our Christian civilization, it will offer the only path to true peace in our time.

* Prussia has always been, and always will be, the great unifying and dynamic element in Germany; her hegemony, under the Prussian military caste, the only feasible authority for a Reich whatever apparent political system is in force.

* *History of Europe.*

† *Essays.*

AN ANCIENT FOREST
GEDDINGTON CHASE

By "B.B."

DURING the memorable summer of 1949 I set out, with a tent, to explore some of England's most historic forests, partly for my own enjoyment and also with a view to making a series of broadcasts on English Forests.* Exploring a forest is a long business and by the time I made my last encampment, in the vast forest of Wyre in Worcestershire, summer had gone, and the trees were aflame with autumn fires. This was right and proper however, as to know the forests well, you must visit them and know them in many moods, not only at high summer when the brakes and thickets are impenetrable to the eye, but also in their winter nakedness, for many trees are more beautiful when they are bare and can show their delicate traceries of twig and crown. In addition to actual exploration there was research to be made into the history of forests, the rules of the Chase, and the penalties imposed on those who would dare to steal the King's game, and a brief mention of these may be of interest.

In the time of those mighty hunters, the Norman Kings, the Forest Laws came into being. William the Conqueror, it will be remembered, "loved the tall stags as if he were their father", and very severe penalties awaited those who dared to break the Forest Laws, mutilation for both poaching dog and poacher, and in later years the death penalty. But after Magna Carta and

One of the original "Rockingham Forest" oaks in Geddington Chase

* These were broadcast weekly in November and December 1949

the proclamation of Henry the Third in 1225, it was decreed that "Henceforth no man shall be maimed or slain for taking the King's deer", though punishment still awaited those who dared to poach Royal game.

THESE Forest Laws were administered by three distinct Courts: the WOODMOTE, which was really a court of enquiry from which offenders were sent to the SWAINMOTE, whose judges were the VERDERERS and a jury of twelve SWAINS, or forest freeholders.

The most serious offences went before the JUSTICE SEAT or EYRE OF THE FOREST, whose chief officer was the KING'S WARDEN, usually a nobleman. Beneath him came the VERDERERS, or judges, the FORESTERS who were really keepers of the King's Game, the WOODWARDS, whose job it was to look after the timber, and the REGARDERS who had to survey the Forests every three years. These latter gentlemen also had to see that no mastiff or hunting hound kept within the forest was allowed free unless it was maimed by having three of its claws cut off to prevent it running the deer.

There were also AGISTERS who saw to the laws relating to pasturage of cattle and swine within the forests. All cattle had to be removed during the fawning month, which was a fortnight before midsummer to a fortnight after, and the swine were only allowed in the forests between 14th September and 18th November, to collect the harvest of acorns and beechmast. So the AGISTERS had perhaps the hardest job, it could not have been an easy matter to see that these dates were adhered to. In any case, it must have been a difficult matter to round up all the swine.

The Beasts of the FOREST were the red deer (hart and hind), wolf, and wild boar. *The Beasts of the CHASE* were the fallow buck and doe, fox, marten, and roe. There was a difference between the Chase and the Forest. The Forest belonged to the King; the Chase to a nobleman or big landowner, and the King couldn't hunt in a Chase without the owner's permission.

THOUGH it was fascinating to read of these ancient customs and laws, some of them so cruel and savage, especially in Norman times, I was anxious, not so much as to recapture the old forest scene but to see for myself, before it was too late, the last remnants of our Royal hunting grounds. For with one or two exceptions, most are rapidly disappearing and there is nobody to care for them. Some are being broken up and built over, others are defaced by army huts-ments or ammunition dumps, and while Parliament is busy with the Access to Mountains Bill, many of our ancient forests here in our midst remain neglected and uncared for.

Historic buildings are preserved and restored, but not historic forests. To me stones are dead things. A forest is alive, and to me trees are of more interest than blocks of dead stone placed one upon another by the hand of man.

I found, as I expected, that no forest is the same, each has its personality, and really to understand a forest one must sleep out in it, live with it, even if only for a day or so, to be able to sense its own peculiar "aura".

This idea of mine, to have, as it were, an intimate meeting with each forest or chase was not easy.

AS might be imagined, many are in private hands and the owners were not always willing for a stranger to make his camp where and when he willed, a reluctance which was very understandable. But in most cases I had my way because the genuine landowner, himself a sportsman and lover of the beautiful, understood what I wanted and gave me free leave to go where I wished and to make my camp fire where I chose. To them I am indeed grateful.

There are in England to-day nearly fifty historic Forests and Chases. Many have entirely disappeared, such as Arden and Rockingham, though in the latter case I did

find some pitiful remnants; Ironstone mining will soon erase the very last traces of what was once Britain's noblest Royal Forest.

Of this number I visited the following—Sherwood, Wychwood, Wyre, Charnwood, Rockingham, and Geddington Chase, which is the subject of this article.

GEDDINGTON was once part of the great Forest of Rockingham and in the course of my researches into its history I have come across the dates of its actual passing into private hands. One record says that it was sold by Charles the First to Edward Lord Montagu "in consideration of £850, to be held as of the manor of East Greenwich at the yearly rent of £40. The extent of the said forest being seven miles in circumference."

The other report says (and I quote), "By letter patent in the following year Lord Montagu, in consideration of £1,000, obtained a grant of all timber trees within the said woods and coppices, and by other letters patent, bearing date January 18th in the twenty-eighth year of Charles the Second, the said woods with two lodges and all other plains and lawns within the said precincts were granted to Edward Lord Montagu and his heirs to be deemed a CHASE distinct from the Forest of Rockingham and out of the boundaries and jurisdiction of the said forest.

The present Duke of Buccleuch's agent, Mr. Sinnett, showed me some eighteenth century maps of Geddington Chase. In 1767 the total acreage was nearly 1,300 acres: it has now dwindled to 672. I was interested to see that in the northern side of the Chase there are still two portions known as "Great Brand" and "Little Brand" which suggests that at one time the commoners may have had grazing rights in the Chase, as they had in Charnwood, and that their cattle were taken to that part of the woods to be branded. There is also a circular place at the fringe of the Chase which is still known as Bullock Pens and as this is situated between the "Brands" it certainly suggests that cattle were taken there for branding purposes.

THERE is an amusing account in the Rockingham papers of a Thomas Sergeant of Geddington who was involved in a poaching affair with the parson of Rushton. One night in August 1585 they set out after dining with Sir Thomas Tresham (the builder of the market house at Rothwell) and with them went another adventurer named William Burbage.

They left their horses in a sheep pen at Pipewell and during the night killed two bucks. They carried their game back to the sheep pen but found their horses gone, so hid the bucks under some straw in a barn. Sergeant's horse was found by the keepers the next morning wandering in Pipewell Close, and Sergeant and the parson were hauled before the Verderers of Rockingham Forest, but with what punishment we do not know. The clergy of those days were by no means adverse to a little poaching on the quiet and I rather admire them for it.

The Chase is in the shape of an antique riding boot with the toe to the east and is divided by many spacious ridings which radiate from the centre where there is a keeper's lodge (inhabited) and in good state of repair. When years ago I went there many of the rides were closely bushed in and there had been no felling. Now I found a good road leading direct to the keeper's house and in places a certain amount of felling had been done and underwood cleared. But it has been carefully replanted with larch, ash and oak and it's easy to see that the Chase is well cared for and that the foresters know their business.

I CAME to Geddington Chase in the late afternoon and carried with me a tent for, by special permission, I had planned to sleep that night in one of the ridings.

The low gold light of the westering sun shone on the tops of the oaks, though the rides themselves were wrapped in cool green gloom. Save for the barking of a dog at the

keeper's house it was very still, no pigeons cooed, no birds sang, not even a robin trilled from the yellowing hazels.

The only butterflies on the wing were Speckled Woods, those quaint chequered fairies whose life seems so long. All summer I had seen them in my wanderings about the woods and wherever I went, down close crowded paths where the Meadow Sweet raised its seeded heads or along the wide ridings, there I found them. Down one riding I had one lovely glimpse of a fallow buck in a clearing—the sunlight dappling his coat; an unforgettable picture.

The oaks in the Chase had suffered badly from the ravages of caterpillars, but Mr. Sinnett, the Agent, told me that they had not been so badly attacked as during the last few summers when the pest had been very widespread. Then few of the oaks bore acorns. In 1949 a few were fruiting, and no doubt the dry summer had helped a good deal. The older trees seemed in better shape, possibly because their roots are deeper. But the clay soil with underlying ironstone does not, I think, produce very fine specimens of oaks, in Geddington Chase at any rate, and I only saw two hoary giants, stag-headed and wholly dead, which are survivals of the Rockingham Forest days.

I pitched my tent under a spreading oak, cooked myself a very good supper of bacon and tomato over my little stove and then settled down to watch the moon rise.

IT was a windless night, warm and very quiet. The trees around grew black against the sky, the stars came out, and a little after eleven o'clock, the moon began to swim up over the trees, silvering the long path of the ride with sudden mysterious gleams of ghostly radiance.

A tawny owl began to wail far off and soon another answered. Their quavering cries put me in mind of Thoreau's account of his owls by Walden Pond.

"I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses; they are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings of fallen souls that once in human shape nightly walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness." So says Thoreau.

How suited to the midnight woods is the cry of the owl! It is an alert sound and not unmusical, by any means; I find nothing ghostly in it as many do. Near one o'clock they ceased to wail and the white moonlight grew in intensity. I have never been out in the woods on so magical a night (and my nocturnal ramblings in the wilds have been many).

When the owls ceased calling the only sound I could hear was that of numberless crickets which shivered their diminutive elfin voices from the tangled grasses and thickets on every hand.

I followed a riding to the eastward until it dipped down into a sombre thicket. Here the ground was dank and grown with rush: at every step I smelt new scents—strange aromatic perfumes, they seemed held in the warm pocket of air. It was the dew which was bringing out these scents for it was falling thickly and the grass glistened in the pale moon's rays. The tops of the trees, still thickly clothed in leaf, showed not the slightest tremor.

THIS was indeed a world of phantasy. Not a dog barked, no distant train rumbled, there was not even a rustle in the thickets, everything was frozen in a sort of silver dream. I had with me a powerful electric torch and this I shone now and again into the very depths of the brakes in the hope of surprising some rabbit, badger or fox upon his wanderings. But the powerful spot beam, which was like a miniature searchlight drilling a pencil of vivid brilliance, revealed only arched green ferns and tangled stems of underwood, disclosing strange black cloistered corridors and, once, a white fungus protruding from the early fallen leaves.

The tops of the ash tree poles, seen against the glittering starlit sky, I noticed were very beautiful, each leaf distinct like those feathery

trees in an Umbrian painting, and over all the disc of the moon rode high, its edges razor keen.

I AWOKE in the very early dawn, at that time when the growing radiance in the east mingles with that of the pallid moonlight. From my tent (I had the flaps open) I could see right down the main riding. A thin veil of mist lay just above the tips of the grass; communities of spiders had been busy in the night and their white hammocks were spun from the dew wet grass tips. As the sun rose the whole scene became tinted with a most beautiful rare green glaze which later turned to a pearly pink and everywhere there was that indescribable freshness and purity which those who sleep within four walls can never know.

And then, soon after eight o'clock, while I was cooking my kippers and making myself a cup of coffee, I looked up to see a white wall of mist closing down, soon the whole ride was hidden in a silent wall of fog. I had been transported from late summer to November.

DESPITE its natural beauty and its miles of noble avenues, planted by "Planter John", the second Duke of Montagu, I found it hard to recapture the romance of ancient days in Geddington Chase such as I felt in old Rockingham Forest and Wychwood in Oxfordshire. It lacked, perhaps, a sense of antiquity, due maybe to the absence of "stag-headed" oaks, possibly too because of its nearness to the village, and to Corby (which alas! threatens it with extinction).

But the magic of that moonlit night in the riding will long remain with me as one of my most enjoyable experiences, perhaps the most delightful of all my Forest camps.

SPEECH IS A MIRROR TO THE MIND

SPEECH is a mirror to the mind
wherein, like deep reflected parts, words lie,
sometimes a blotched and bleary mass,
sometimes against a variant sky
a summer sun, an autumn yield,
a winter cloud, a spring-born sigh—
speech is a mirror to the mind
wherein, like deep reflected parts, words lie.

STEFAN CEDRIC POTOCKI.

PARIS PRESS SOUVENIRS

By HERBERT A. WALTON

AN examination of to-day's newspapers on the Paris kiosks is a melancholy experience for one who has known the city's Press for more than half a century; it evokes reflections on the sad fate of many once familiar journals, as well as on the sorry plight of many journalists—outside those imprisoned, or even shot, on charges of collaboration with the occupying Germans—whose names were known the world over.

It is true that, apart from the few journals authorized to reappear after World War II under their old titles, some of to-day's papers are virtually successors of former ones whose titles were suppressed on account of collaboration, patent or alleged. Others are development of underground sheets (over sixty of these were produced all over the country under the noses of the Germans) but these memorials of the incredible story of clandestine printing and distribution are now only a remnant of the forty journals that were being sold on the boulevard within a few weeks of the departure of the enemy; one after another, the great majority of them have had to abandon the struggle for existence.

NATURALLY the difference between the present Press and that of a decade ago is nothing to the dissimilarity when comparison goes back as far as the late 'nineties of the last century, when I had my first glimpses of the journalism of Paris. Those glimpses were made possible through the friendly offices of Clifford Millage, representative of the *Daily Chronicle*, then in the heyday of its prosperity; with his assistance and thanks to certain introductions, I was enabled to make contacts with the French Press which still endure. I was given, too, some insight into the princely life of the Paris Correspondent, whose work was then invested with a romantic mystery destined soon to be dissolved. Paris was still some distance from London; and ceaseless communication between the correspondent and his Fleet Street office was a horrid prosaic development beyond the imagination of the journalist leisurely traversing the boulevard in his *fiacre*.

At the same time there was no lack in those days of material for "good copy", for the violence with which our French friends fling themselves into the tumults of opposing camps was being evidenced by a recrudescence of the Dreyfus affair; once more it was being debated with fury in the cafés, and Zola was about to plead, in his famous "*J'accuse*" article in Clemenceau's *Aurore*, for a re-trial of the imprisoned victim of anti-Semitism who, however, was not to be thoroughly vindicated till some years later.

The romantic impression of the *rôle* and activities of the Paris Correspondent created in the mind of the youthful student may possibly have been enhanced by the fact that Clifford Millage's assistant was a French Marquis, a man of infinite charm whose presence and manners evoked visions of the *ancien régime*. Ill-fortune—or good fortune—had been responsible for his metamorphosis from a gilded idler into a clever newspaper man. But the impression made by this aristocratic member of the *métier* was nothing compared to the thrill, one day at lunch, of being introduced (ought not one to say "presented"?) to the celebrated correspondent of *The Times*, Henri Stephan de Blowitz. This event occurred in the Café Riche (at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Lepeletier) which, like so many famous resorts, has passed into the gastronomic history of Paris. It was startling—and encouraging—to find how diminutive in physical stature was this Prince of Journalists, whose exploits have so often been related. De Blowitz was the acknowledged head of a

brilliant band of British correspondents; among them was Sir Campbell Clarke, of the *Daily Telegraph*. It was in his time that the *Telegraph* started what was to become a world-wide famous feature, "Paris Day by Day", to which destiny was to lead me in much later years, when David H. Loch was chief, to contribute hundreds of columns.

AMONG the cavalcade of French figures that present themselves in recollections of that first visit to Paris is that of Authur Meyer, director and editor of *Le Gaulois*. Immaculately dressed, and with his courtly bearing and his imposing white side whiskers, this "last of the boulevardiers" seemed to be a *revenant* from the Second Empire, of which he had intimate souvenirs. The *Gaulois* was the organ of Society and champion of the Royal (Orléanist) cause. The most ardent supporters of the paper included the Ducs and the Duchesses, the Comtes and the Comtesses. A copy before me—one of many preserved Press relics—would no doubt be regarded as a museum-piece by the smart newspaper practitioner of to-day. It was a dignified production. Its most distinctive regular feature was the couple of columns headed *Mondanités*; its sections, with a nice discriminating gradation, were devoted to *Les Cours*, *Les Ambassades*, *Le Monde*, *and Les Cercles*, as well as to records of exalted and aristocratic births, marriages and deaths.

Unlike many other papers flourishing at the end of the nineteenth century, the *Gaulois* had a long run of prosperity before it; it was not till a quarter of a century later that its end came by absorption in the *Figaro*. Its title, in type so small as to escape general notice, is still to be seen near the title of the *Figaro* of to-day. *Le Figaro* has been intimately identified with many of the vicissitudes of Parisian political and social history throughout close on a century. It will be remembered that shortly before the outbreak of the First World War its offices, then in the Rue Drouet, were the theatre of a frightening tragedy. The editor, Gaston Calmette, was publishing a series of compromising letters, signed "Ton Jo", addressed by M. Joseph Caillaux to the lady who became his second wife. Efforts to stop publication being ineffectual, Mme. Caillaux went to the newspaper office and mortally shot M. Calmette.

THE important *rôle* played in the social life of the capital by leading papers was illustrated in the *Figaro's* "Five O'Clocks", which attracted brilliant assemblies. There were similar receptions by the *Gaulois*, though on a more restricted scale. In later years the luxurious offices of *Le Journal*, in the Rue de Richelieu, drew fashionable crowds. By its absorption of the *Gaulois*, the *Figaro* increased greatly the aristocratic section of its clientèle, and there came a further augmentation of social support when the *Echo de Paris* was merged in *Le Jour*. The *Figaro* has had its ups and downs under successive controls (including for a time that of M. Coty, of perfume fame) but on the whole it has had a prolonged run of success strikingly in contrast with the fate of Paris journals innumerable.

A stodgy old paper at which (as in the case of the *Gaulois*) the modern sub-editor would sniff in pitying amazement was the *Journal des Débats*. It was a model of sober typographical presentation—the antithesis of the hysterical display of the popular Press of to-day, when the presumably unintelligent reader gets to know all that he wishes to know from blatant head-lines and a profusion of cross-heads—though he may be grateful for the preliminary black type in which he is told what the matter is all about. The *Débats* was born towards the end of the eighteenth century, and played prominent parts under the Consulate and the First Empire. Chateaubriand was one of its distinguished contributors. It is difficult to visualize the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* at work in a newspaper office, but he would appear to have been proud of the *métier* for, when asked his name and profession on appearing at Court to answer some Press offence, he replied in a loud voice, "*René de Chateaubriand, jour-*

naliste". Under the long dynasty of one of the most distinguished journalistic families, the Bertin de Vaux, the *Débats* surmounted many trials, and held a respected position a century after its foundation. It counted for little in later years, when its head was kept above water by the *Comité des Forges*, and it was in the host of the papers submerged beyond redemption by the Occupation.

THE association between literature and journalism, so notably exemplified in the old *Débats*, has always been close in France, and the appearance of an article by a member of the *Académie française* was commonplace in what were called the *journaux d'opinion*, as distinct from the *journaux d'information*. The *Echo de Paris* in its day was a distinctive literary organ; recollection of it recalls in particular the names of Paul Bourget and Maurice Barrès. When I first saw the *Echo* it was publishing sections of the de Goncourt Journal. The member of its staff best known to the world was "Pertinax" (M. André Géraud) whose diplomatic "scoops" were so extensively quoted. M. Géraud, with whom I was often brought into contact in the years between the two wars, was on terms of easy familiarity with Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors, and he possessed linguistic advantages over most other diplomatic correspondents. The *Echo de Paris* fell on evil days in the late 'thirties, and its end came in amalgamation with *Le Jour*. M. Géraud now writes in *France-Soir*, which replaces the pre-war *Paris-Soir*.

Five organs used to be comprised in what was called the *Grande Presse—Le Matin, Le Petit Parisien, Le Petit Journal, Le Journal, L'Echo de Paris*. They formed but a small minority of the Paris Press—I recall a period when the mornings and evenings totalled eighty—and their supremacy in circulation and influence was not enduring. Pride of place had for long been held by the *Petit Parisien* which, apart from its big *tirage* in the capital, penetrated to the most remote parts of the provinces. With a muttered "*Sic transit*", I remember the days when at the top of its front page was the boast of the largest circulation in the world. Fortunes changed, and there came a time when the claim was modified to the subtle assertion that it was *le plus lu des journaux du monde*!

A paper that offered a challenge to the old *Grande Presse* was *L'Oeuvre*, founded by the cognac king, Jean Hennessey. It made quite a distinctive position for itself. Robert de Juvenal wrote on politics, while the lighter vein was sustained brilliantly by Georges de La Fouchardière, whose inexhaustible wit was of the *bien français* variety. And it was in he pages of *L'Oeuvre* that Mme. Genevi ve Tabouis now and again gave the world a shock by some diplomatic revelation. She made mistakes—which her many critics among the orthodox type of diplomatic correspondent never did—but she was almost as much behind the scenes as "Pertinax", and was able to give her paper some great "exclusives"—notably her foretelling of the invasion of Czechoslovakia and her disclosure of the Hoare-Laval pact regarding Abyssinia.

THE characteristic liveliness of Parisian journalism was sustained *in excelsis* from the second decade of this century onwards by that *enfant terrible*, Léon Daudet, in the *Action française*, organ of the *Camelots du Roi*. Master of a staggering vituperation, the son of the famous romancer flayed his enemies—all who disagreed with his point of view—in violent language abounding in vitriolic epithets of a truly Billingsgate order. (If any student of French is ambitious to acquire such a vocabulary he should read the two volumes of Léon Daudet's "*Paris Vécu*", a most fascinating record of the political, social and literary life of the city of his day.)

The changes between the old and the new Press are as marked in the evenings as among the mornings. That majestic organ *Le Temps* has handed its journalistic tradition to *Le Monde*; the newly named paper is less austere than its predecessor, but it preserves much of the old make-up. The continuity of close

touch with the Quai d'Orsay is maintained. While an exclusive company mourns the disappearance of *Le Journal des Débats* from the evenings on the kiosks, "the man in the street" mourns the failure of the once popular *L'Intransigeant* to hold up its head as an independent entity. It did reappear after the war, but was recently swallowed up by *Paris-Presse*. One of the most remarkable events in the history of the modern Press was the phenomenal rapidity with which *Paris-Soir* eclipsed the once dominating *Intransigeant*, and eventually—a year or two before the fatal 1939—attained a circulation of over two millions. The name *Paris-Soir* is no more, but its huge headlines and generally sensational make-up are revived in *Paris-Presse*, as well as in *France-Soir*. Exceptionally among the evenings, the Communist organ, *Ce Soir*, resumed publication under its old title after the war—as did its morning comrade *L'Humanité*.

LIKE his papers, the Paris journalist of today is a very different type of person from his predecessor. If the old Press bohemianism portrayed by de Maupassant in his "Bel Ami" had not been killed by the war (in which so many members of the craft served in the Resistance) it would have been killed by the bitter experiences of the succeeding economic trials. But neither war nor *le coût de la vie* has been able to rob the French journalist of his old-time brightness, an attribute enabling him to invest what might be a commonplace *fait-divers* with traditional artistry. And in *le grand reportage* his work is still distinguished, alike in its presentation of the facts and in its literary delicacy. Who, comparably with our French colleague, is so richly gifted with the art of a penetrating depiction in a few perfect phrases of an arresting scene, gay or poignant, or with the mastery of a style so supremely elegant—Gallic endowments strikingly evidenced in the charming descriptions in both the Paris and provincial Press of the recent Presidential visit to London?

True, his habits have changed. He used, for example, to do much of his writing-up in the café. One of the pictures etched clearly on my memory of earliest experiences of the city is that of Catulle Mendès turning out an article one night in the Café de La Régence—a favourite resort of *consommateurs* during the entr'actes of the Comédie française opposite. The filling of page after page of "copy" paper was alternated by frequent attentions to succeeding glasses of *fine*. When a section of the manuscript was finished it was borne off by a messenger to the offices of *Le Journal*.

SUCH a spectacle, once commonplace, became more and more novel in later years, and when fraternizing with French colleagues in the 'twenties and 'thirties I rarely saw any café production of "copy", though there would be an occasional visit to the telephone box. At these gatherings, sometimes on the Grands Boulevards but more often in the Latin Quarter, there was, if no writing, a prodigious output of talk, the *chers confrères* discussing politics with a vehement seriousness, sometimes a violence, incredible to the Briton, generally content to leave politics behind at Westminster. A much-patronized establishment was the Brasserie Lipp on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, in the Saint-Germain-des-Prés quarter—heart of the real Paris; there the "argument about it and about" was sustained until 2 a.m., the magic hour at which, settlement having been completed in regard to the piles of saucers recording the number of beers consumed, the *garçons* began to pile tables on each other with much minatory clattering.

As for the British correspondents, they for many years were accustomed to foregather, particularly for the pre-lunch *apéritif*, at the Café Napolitain, on the Boulevard des Italiens, but the habit fell into desuetude long ago; and, when indulging recently in nostalgic reflections on the terrace of this familiar *maison*, only the ghosts of old colleagues came to commune with me.

Theatre

HOW NOT TO SPEAK THE KING'S ENGLISH

By HUBERT GRIFFITH

JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN. By Ibsen. *Arts.*

THERE may be great virtues in consciously mispronouncing a word or a phrase, either in one's own or anyone else's language, for the purpose of comedy, or indeed for any other purpose.

I have never met Miss Yvonne Arnaud personally, that is to say, off-stage; but she has been acting in London for nearly forty years; and she started as a Gold-medallist piano-student in Paris—which implies that she has a fairly accurate general ear; and I would bet my boots that Miss Yvonne Arnaud, if she so wishes, could effortlessly imitate the speech of an English duchess to the life. But no, she doesn't. The longer she stays here the more and more French her accent becomes, because she finds it suits her parts—just as the late J. H. Thomas, on reaching Cabinet rank, was said to have had daily exercises with his valet in the technique of dropping his 'aiches, so that he should not be said to have lost the common touch.

Similarly Mr. Winston Churchill. It is everyone's bet that Mr. Churchill, in his war broadcasts, knew exactly the correct way of pronouncing the German word "Nazi". But no, he wouldn't. To pronounce it wrongly was partly a justified insult to them; to show them that he, and we, didn't care a tinker's cuss for them. And over and above that, there was the defiant and contemptuous snarl that he got into his voice, "Those *Narrzzis*" . . . , that I always thought when listening were worth a couple of armoured divisions to the allied war-effort—whereas if he had pronounced it correctly, with a short "a", and the "z" turned into a "ts" as it should be, "Natsis", it would have suggested much less a pack of lean wolves ravening at our throats than a lighter and altogether less formidable gang of comedians. . . .

So much for mispronunciation for mispronunciation's sake. But what about German and Scandinavian actors and actresses over here, seeking parts and getting parts, that could have been equally well done (or better done) by our own actors and actresses—and not even bothering, after years of residence here, to learn the elements of the pronunciation of our language?

You may think that I am riding some hobby-horse of mine to death over this. But I have been scrupulously fair about it. Little Miss Mai Zetterling played the lovely part of Nina in *The Seagull*, and played it, according to me, excruciatingly badly—very largely because she was not only inaudible but unintelligible. In the last great scene, when the girl darts back into the country-house in a state of semi-delirium, and keeps repeating—as a link-back to the first act of several years ago, and the dominant theme of the play, "I am a seagull"—several members of the audience told me that they thought she was saying "I am a seeker" . . . and couldn't even guess what Chekhov was talking about.

Between whiles we have had Miss Wanda Rotha as the Queen in *Hamlet*. And Miss Rotha has bothered to teach herself English, to an extent that it is almost impossible for the subtlest ear to detect her Viennese accent. I welcomed her and applauded her.

And now comes along Mr. Frederick Valk, playing the star part of all star parts for a middle-aged actor, Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*.

To say that Mr. Valk is not physically suited for it is merely to exercise a personal

prejudice. Ibsen never described the physical appearance of his characters in so much as a line. But if any other four acts have ever been so constructed as to imply a lean and hungry wolf, an ascetic, a thwarted idealist, a gaunt Lincoln turned out of the White House—a man eating out his own heart and his own liver, till merely a skeleton remained—I don't know them. Mr. Valk, through no fault of his own, looks as though he had not only lived on three beef-steaks a day for those long disastrous years of pacing his garret, but had enjoyed every one of them, and got every ounce of nutriment out of them. But this is, of course, not strictly Mr. Valk's fault.

But his accent is. Bad as it may have been the first day he landed on our shores to play English parts about ten years ago, I cannot possibly believe that it was any worse than it is now. "The iron wants to come up into the dee-light" (daylight). "Demmed-up rivers" (dammed-up). "Metter of fect" (matter of fact). "The bells are not rinkhing for me" (ringing). And so on. This seems to me particularly damaging in a play that is itself a translation. After all, it is an accepted convention that in a Chekhov or an Ibsen play, the characters should be talking easy and colloquial English. (Heaven help us all if the English actors were to try to put on Russian or Scandinavian accents.) But once the convention is granted, it becomes all the more grating on the nerves when one of the characters breaks through and shatters this convention—why should Nina, a Russian of the Russians, become an intruder from Denmark?—why in *John Gabriel Borkman*, a play intensely "family" in atmosphere, should the central figure proclaim himself in every syllable to have come out of Central Europe?

It might be thought that this is an unfair attack on an actor or a group of actors, the foreign actors domiciled and trying to do their jobs over here. "How can any non-native learn *perfect* English, even after years?" Nonsense! Not only they could, if they took the trouble, but it is easy.

I was sent when a boy of seventeen to an Institute—no, not a Borstal Institute—but to an extraordinary establishment called the "Institut Tilly" in Berlin. Thither were dis-datched many a young public-school boy, young undergraduates from the universities, entrants for the diplomatic service, officers from the Services studying for interpreter-ships, even university professors of languages. All were treated alike in that astonishing menagerie, and subject to the same rules. No word of English was permitted in the establishment. Even if one went there not knowing a word of German, as with me, one had to remain silent until one had mastered the first words. This rule was absolute. Breaking it meant instant expulsion. "*Fünf stück müssen heraus fliegen*," said a son of the house to me gaily, later in my residence, when he was recounting a past incident: five boys had been sent packing back to England in a bunch because they had been overheard talking English together in one of their off hours. No salt was allowed on the tables—Tilly thought that Englishmen ate too much salt. Physical drill was compulsory at eleven o'clock in the morning, in the open air, even if snow was thick on the ground—and a Berlin January could be extremely cold. At twelve o'clock midday, everyone, whatever they were doing and wherever they were, had to say, "Ahaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa", for as long as they could and as loud as they could. (This was no doubt a hardening-off process for further exercises in the phonetics that we intensively studied. But our German neighbours in the respectable suburb of Lichterfelde-bei-Berlin naturally concluded that the whole of our small English contingent was completely mad.)

But the desired result was achieved. All of us alike—babbling, brainless little Etonians, grave university professors—found that after very few months of intensive phonetic study, we were able to wander about Berlin and enter into casual conversation with café-acquaintances—*and actually to be mistaken for Germans*, so perfect was the accent that we had acquired.

Is this spate of reminiscence irrelevant? It is not. It means that there is a scientific and infallible method of learning—not the depths and subtleties of a language, for this implies long study—but the way of speaking a language *as it is currently spoken*. It is an easy method and a quick method. There are certain *rules*, formulated and tabulated, where certain German *sounds* differ from English *sounds*, even though the same alphabetical letters are used to represent them in both languages. And the tables may be procured for the asking in any sixpenny phonetic pamphlet. It is for this reason that I suggest that any foreign actor or actress seeking to set up in practice over here, who does *not* get the tables, and bother to go through them for an hour or two a week with anyone who understands them and can be of help, is being deliberately insulting (by negligence) to the English public.

I will finish the matter off with a story that involves no journey to foreign Capitals. C. B. Fry records in his *Autobiography* that he was up at Oxford with a certain young fellow-scholar of Wadham, the young F. E. Smith. F. E. Smith was beginning to make a name for himself in the debates in the Union. He saw already ahead of him the "glittering prizes" that were later to lead him to the Cabinet, the Lord Chancellorship, and an Earldom. But he suddenly discovered one day that his provincial north-country accent was not going down very well with the young Oxford bloods of the period—those who in after life were liable to do him some good. Says C. B. Fry, "within a space of weeks the Lancashire accent had entirely disappeared". In other words, Smith, later Lord Birkenhead, had felt that it intensely *mattered* to future his glittering career that he should speak with a normal accent, and three weeks of application to the job had been enough to do the trick. Is it too much to ask that foreign actors should try to do in the course of years what a young university undergraduate did in the course of a few weeks?

Mr. Frederick Valk is a major actor (otherwise I would not be taking all this trouble about him). He gives a major performance (otherwise it would not have taken up columns of this journal). *John Gabriel Borkman* is a major play, or rather, the skeleton of a major play. From one aspect at least, it represents a justification of all that the critics of the 'eighties meant when they were funny about Ibsen's "Nordic gloom"—its chief characters are a middle-aged aunt dying of an incurable disease, a wife who is so fanatical in her nonconformist conscience that she will not even speak on human terms with her husband (though she is living under his roof) for years on end, merely because he has forged a few cheques and precipitated a national depression; and a man who paces an isolated garret for five years. The gayest character in it (and heartily welcome) is the ever-fresh Mrs. Fanny Wilton (how English a name!) who is a professional procuress, and who lures away the son of the house for a gay time in the, to him, unexplored Paris, with the brilliant reservation that a young virgin, the Frida Foldal, shall accompany them on the trip, as a reserve-card against the time when Borkman junior may be expected to be getting tired of Mrs. Fanny Wilton. . . .

The whole thing is a triumphant dance of death, a festal celebration of the *macabre* — but the Old Master still retains his wytcheries.

SOME AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN RECOLLECTIONS

By MICHAEL BARRINGTON

AN ambassador famous in his day for a combination of grace and charm with truth and fidelity, apostrophized "that virtue which of all other human things is of highest value, and yet the greatest rarity: namely the art and manner of governing and ruling well".* And Guicciardini also, who filled in turn several exalted offices, both civil and military—"full of perils . . . and of a thousand troubles and labours,"—left behind him axioms of State quoted far and wide in court and camp during the sixteenth century, but which now seem to have fallen into oblivion. Since government changed from a fine art to a competition for votes—and when the results of age-long practical experience are discarded by exponents of "totalitarian ideology"—it is the less surprising that events of our time are depicted so variously as to increase the prevalent confusion.

In the tremendous upheavals we have witnessed we may wonder how much has been destiny and how much free-will. "The wind blows vehemently upon lofty places." Of all heart-racking vocations the most difficult is that of a Monarch. The nursery phrase "happy as a King" belongs to realms of fairydom. And time was when in literature and drama this was recognized, and the fundamental idea of tragedy was the sudden fall from a height of dignity into an abyss of ruin. Our ancestors called this "the mutability of Fortune"; and the sympathy of the small for the hazards and sorrows of the great was conspicuous even in street-ballads.

ACTIVE zeal for the fallen House of Stuart inspired two Scottish rebellions even after the last Stuart King *de facto* had died in exile. And even in the cynical last years of the eighteenth century, Marie Antoinette had in Count Axel Fersen a champion as chivalrous as if he had lived in the Ages of Faith. But how rarely do we hear expressions of compassionate admiration for the Empress Zita or for Queen Victoria Eugenie—for both of whom the crown has been a crown of thorns.

It is often remarked that chivalry has been banished from war. Whether it is also banished from peace it is too soon to say. But let us remind ourselves how in 1939 Mr. Hoffman Nikerson emphasized at West Point to the American cadets that when war used to be the last argument of Kings it was fought on definite issues, and the object was not to obliterate the adversary but to make him change his policy. Moreover, war was confined to warriors. It was Napoleon Bonaparte, a law unto himself, who originated the system which Mr. Nikerson termed "the armed horde", by which civilians were conscripted and the area of human suffering enormously enlarged.* So vast has been the extension of this system that most of us take as a matter of course much which to our forebears would have appeared as inconsistent with justice as with wisdom and humanity. It was of old an axiom that it ill became a warrior to be as ready with his tongue as with his sword. But now "propaganda" is held to justify

*Count Baldassare Castiglione (*Il Cortegiano*), whose portrait by Raphael, is in the Louvre.

* In his book "*The Armed Horde, 1793-1939*" Mr. Nikerson (Preface, p. ix) traced "the origin, survival, culmination, and recent decline of the mass army recruited by universal compulsory service, which, with all its corollaries of unlimited taxation and governmental control over the governed, has so evilly transformed warfare during the last hundred and fifty years . . . The mass army has become a curse to mankind". Napoleon's purpose (pp. 119-120) "was the total overthrow of the hostile state . . . as a preliminary to annexing it". Napoleon assumed that "force is all powerful in human affairs . . . the accumulated hatreds aroused by repeated aggression and thieving he seems to have neglected or despised".

sophistries which without that excuse would be inadmissible. So in the present world-atmosphere it is not easy for an historian to treat of cause and effect except in current terms.

THE "*Exhibition of Amour of Kings and Captains from the National Collection of Austria, H.M. Tower of London*, 12th *May-7th August*, 1949" was justly described as the greatest collection in the world, "both in range and quality".* But how few of our people who thronged to gaze at these treasures gave a thought to the memory of the Emperor Francis Joseph, whose interest in history prompted him in 1889 to bring together all these armours collected by the Emperors Frederic III, Maximilian I, Charles V, and Maximilian II, the Archdukes Sigismund and Ferdinand, and others. Even of the older generation there are not many who remember at the time of the South African war, when the Press of Berlin overflowed with hostile and often fantastically untrue assertions against England, not only were such ebullitions seldom seen in Austrian newspapers, but the Emperor Francis Joseph at a Court function had the moral courage to to express to the British ambassador his sympathy for Queen Victoria, while the ambassador of the Kaiser Wilhelm II was standing near.

Francis Joseph who had come to the throne in his teens was fated to live through a long period of peculiar stress and strain. Suffering the terrible shock of his brilliant only son's so-called suicide—more likely murder—and the assassination of his beautiful Empress (a crime the more outrageous as she had never taken any part in politics), he nevertheless so carried his regal burden as to command up to the last the affection and respect of a large number of his subjects. Throughout his arduous reign he had given himself little relief or repose, but devoted all his energies to whatsoever he deemed for the good of the various races in his Empire; peoples far from harmonious to each other, and only held together by a common allegiance to the Crown.

THE present writer remembers what friendly feeling used to exist between Austrian and British subjects, making it the more lamentable that Austria was dragged into the war against King George V's Empire, when neither personally nor nationally was there sufficient cause for quarrel. But few Englishmen to-day are aware how nearly that war was prevented. In 1913, the heir to the Dual Monarchy, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, came to England unofficially on an urgent mission. He realized that the Pan-German League had been planning for some forty years to conquer and acquire Great Britain's "place in the Sun". He brought us the warning of fast-approaching aggression, and made a private proposal of how to counteract it: namely, by a defensive and offensive alliance between the Austro-Hungarian and British Empires, to be publicly announced at once. This, he believed, would be the one way in which Austria could escape being dragged at the chariot wheels of Prusso-Germany. Already the Kaiser had ridden rough-shod over Austrian sensibilities, and Austria was so in the grip of the Prussian Octopus that the Archduke the more earnestly besought certain distinguished Englishmen, official and otherwise, to awaken before it was too late.

But despite previous warnings, notably those by Lord Roberts and Lord Cromer, the pleadings of Franz Ferdinand were met in official quarters with cold incredulity; and to this day the majority of British people know nothing of the suggestion made by him and rejected by the Ministers whom he had hoped to convince.

WE should here remind ourselves that though revolutionary legislation had early reduced the power of the Crown of Francis Joseph, the most formidable undermining of security was not until 1866; when

*Article "Arms and the Man," by Charles Richard Cammell, in *Everybody's*, 9th July, 1949.

the successful invasion by Prussia resulted in the heavy defeat of the Austrian Army at Königgratz (Sadowa).* From this dated the rapid increase of the Hohenzollern ambitions demonstrated anew in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 and the proclamation at Versailles of King Wilhelm I of Prussia as Emperor Wilhelm I of Germany.

It had been after Königgratz that the defeated Generalissimo wrote to his wife "If we fight on, we may be saved, but if a rotten peace is patched up, it is the beginning of the end". Peace was made on terms dictated by Prussia; a fact we recall to show how contrary to the inherited emotions of Austrians was an alliance with Prusso-Germany; especially as this unfriendly neighbour and erstwhile enemy had taken a tone of contempt and superiority most galling to the vanquished.

IF the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's advice had been taken in England in 1913, the First World War might have been averted, or if not averted it would have been much less widespread and sooner terminated.

He had dared to declare that on succeeding to the throne he meant to maintain his Empire as a unity in diversity: allowing to all the different races their various languages. This was openly to resist the pressure of the Pan-German League which demanded that all official documents should be exclusively in German.

MORE than once the Archduke was warned of designs against his life. Not only the murder of the Empress Elizabeth, but also the murder of King Humbert of Italy, the murder of King Carlos of Portugal with his eldest son Dom Luis—the murder previously in Servia (not then spelt with a b) of the last Obrenovich King and of his Queen—must have been present to his thoughts. But he continued his firm stand in matters he regarded as for the true interests of all concerned.

Not long before the murder, it was whispered in Vienna that on the Kaiser Wilhelm's last visit to Konopischt (the Archduke's country home) there had been an increasingly serious difference between host and guest as to future policy: a rumour probably correct, for Franz Ferdinand had none of the temporizing and wobbling habits so sommon in twentieth century party politics. There seems, however, no foundation for a subsequent tale that the murder was contrived from Berlin; though the Archduke was the only high personage frankly determined not to allow Austria to be reduced permanently to a mere "good second on the duelling ground"; the Kaiser's notorious phrase.

IN "*The Habsburg Monarchy* 1809-1918" (1948, 2nd edition, Hamish Hamilton) the author Mr. A. J. Taylor (p.196) calls the Archduke "Violent, reactionary and autocratic", and as combining "a crazy insistence on dynastic power with a marriage to a woman of non-royal blood in breach of the dynastic rules", etc. (The lady's name not mentioned.) There was nothing "crazy" about Franz Ferdinand; and surely his forebodings as to war being disastrous for the dynasty, and thus for Austria, have been more than fulfilled. "Reactionary" is the epithet nowadays hurled at almost any man who in our era of moral chaos stands for the Ten Commandments and the wisdom of the ages. As to the marriage, Sophie Countess Chotek de Chotkowa was of ancient noble family; her cousins of the Princely House of Kinsky saw nothing incongruous in her elevation. Admittedly the Archduke did override the Germanic convention that royal marriages must be exclusively royal. But by her personal dignity his wife won the regard

*This was not due to any lack of individual courage among the Emperor Francis Joseph's troops. A very interesting description of the campaign has been left on paper by a nobleman who volunteered as a private and served as a corporal. He was afterwards known as an Arctic explorer, and a great humanitarian. See "*Happy Retrospect. The Reminiscences of Count Wilczek* 1837-1922. *Edited by his daughter Elizabeth Countess Kinsky-Wilczek.*" London. George Bell and Sons, 1934 (Illustrated).

even of many who would have preferred a different alliance. The harmony between this couple made a deep impression upon their children. When the terrible news of the assassination was announced, the eldest, not quite thirteen years old, strove to comfort her little brothers, Prince Maximilian Charles, aged twelve, and Prince Ernest, aged ten. She said, "If our parents had to be taken away from us, God knew they must go together. Father could never have lived without Mother, or Mother without Father".

But Mr. Taylor dismisses the tragedy in a most misleading sentence:

> "The murder jolted the dynasty into action: even Francis Joseph favoured war though he despaired of the outcome, and for that matter was relieved that the death of Francis Ferdinand had vindicated the principles of dynastic purity which had been infringed by Francis Ferdinand's marriage."

THOSE around the Emperor far from despairing of the outcome of war against Servia were exceedingly optimistic, not realizing that it was the "hidden hand" of World Revolution which was pushing Austria into action, and that a Monarch or a nation should never do what the enemy wants. As for the Archduke's marriage, it had been countenanced by the Emperor, who had created the bride Princess of Hohenberg for the wedding and afterwards Duchess of Hohenberg, granting to her children the rank of Prince and Princess, though they were by law excluded from the Succession.*

It is difficult to conjecture on what pretext the Emperor can be supposed "relieved" by the tragedy of his heir, especially as it meant that the Dual Crown would fall to the young Archduke Charles. Pious, chivalrous, patriotic and happily married to the Princess Zita of Bourbon-Parma, he was personally admirable as an officer in the Army, but had no political experience. The times seemed to demand a Prince of such independence, daring, and bold initiative as the murdered Archduke was known to embody. His being driven violently out of life was the prologue to the world war he had striven his utmost to avert. But that he had secret enemies at the Court was inferred, because no official invitations were issued for his funeral. The chief members of the old nobility, however, who had gone out of town at the end of the season, returned of their own accord to Vienna to attend the memorial service.

When the war broke out, and the German ambassador scorned as a mere "scrap of paper" the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, the mob in Berlin howling round the British Embassy dispelled any attraction the German-descended ambassador may have felt for German "kultur". But His Britannic Majesty's ambassador in Vienna was seen off at the station by representatives of the Royal and Imperial Government, and did not incur even a rude word from people in the streets. Soon the contrast between Vienna and Berlin was again experienced: prisoners of war in Austria met with none of the misery and humiliation endured by those who suffered "frightfulness" under the Prussian Octopus.

* * *

THE word "tradition" is sometimes employed to-day as if memories of the past were a handicap in the present.* But let us look back to the time when Austria stood

*Moreover, it was notorious that when Princess Stephanie, widow of Crown Prince Rudolph, had made a second marriage with a nobleman who was not royal, the Emperor allowed her to retain her rank and precedence as Royal Highness though some of her Belgian relatives severely criticized him for this concession.

*An eminent statesman of Renaissance days thought far otherwise: "Observe diligently Things past, because they throw great light upon Things to Come; . . . the same Things do return, but under divers names and colours: And yet not every man doth know them again, but only one who is wise and doth consider them diligently."

"*The Maxims of Francis Guicciardini Translated by Emma Martin*," London, 1845. No. 123; pp. 126-127. And in our own time the late Dr. Douglas Hyde declared that "a nation which forgets its past deserves no future".

up against Sultan Soliman the Magnificent who had proclaimed himself "Lord of the East and West, and Master of the World", when his forces had overrun most of Hungary We can see something of the situation through the eyes of the then Austrian ambassador, Augier Ghislain de Busbecq, who, in 1554, was sent to Constantinople to discuss terms of peace:*

> "... As when we leave Antwerp we meet with all sorts of merchantable commodities importing into the town, so here ever and anon there passed by an abundance of poor miserable Christian slaves, which were going to be sold in markets to a perpetual bondage. There was no distinction of age, old and young were driven in herds... or else were tied in a long chain..."

He added that the Turks were arrogant, cruel, and treacherous; but that these "infidels" had been able to build up a vast Empire not because of their arrogance but because of their efficiency. Strength is always strength even when misapplied, and languid virtue stands scant hope of victory against aggression resolute and organized. Busbecq found fault with such of his own people as underrated the enemy "who hath struck terror into the whole world and laid all waste before him". And this ambassador's forgotten conclusions remain as applicable now as when first uttered:

> "Everything is established and preserved by that which raised it first . . . Take away arms, remove soldiers, neglect discipline, and a Kingdom will either fall of itself, or be a prey to the Conqueror. The Diadem and Sceptre doth not preserve the Majesty of a Kingdom . . . In vain you wear the one on your head or carry the other in your hand unless your sword be girt by your side . . . Zenophon says very excellently that those who are ready with arms in their hands have many friends and no enemies; for all will fly to their aid in doubtful time as to a Castle of Refuge, and none will oppose him when he knows he has power to hurt his enemy when he pleases."

THE combination of courtesy and firmness with which Busbecq declined to be cajoled by the Sultan into an unsatisfactory peace, is an education in diplomacy. He was of the type which helped to make the old Empire a constructive power. Had there been such a statesman in 1914, even after the assassination of the Archduke, the Emperor Francis Joseph might yet have been saved from embarking on a fatal war, for which his people and successor were to be the ultimate sacrifices.

Mr. Taylor's "*Habsburg Monarchy*" says little of the war, and not much of the revolution; he ends his story after the refusal of the Emperor Charles to abdicate: "Withdrawing first from Vienna and soon from Austria, he carried with him into exile the last threads of the Habsburg shroud." There is some lapse of memory here: far from relinquishing hope for the future, the two attempts of the Emperor to respond to invitations from his subjects in Hungary are matters of history; as also how he was betrayed (the word is harsh but precise) by the Regent Horthy, who as Admiral Horthy had been apparently loyal, but who after being hoisted into the saddle as Regent lost all wish to dismount in favour of his Emperor. Mr. Taylor vehemently but vaguely rebukes the Austrian aristocracy for clinging to "privileges". But surely one of the chief "privileges" of aristocracy in nearly every Christian era has been to volunteer for the forefront of the battle. The main reason the Emperor Charles had so few defenders when the crash came was that over a thousand members of the loyal and patriotic nobility had been killed during the war.

THE bibliography in the non-monarchial discourse called *The Habsburg Monarchy* does not include *The Tragedy of Charles of Habsburg by Baron Charles von Werkmann*

**The Four Epistles of A. G. Busbequius Concerning his Embassy at Turkey, &c. Done into English*, London, 1694, pp. 103-104.

(*Private Secretary to H. M. the late Emperor of Austria**). The translator observes:

"Of all who played prominent parts in the war, probably none was punished more severely than the late Emperor Charles of Austria. Although guiltless of any offence other than being the heir of Francis Joseph, he was pursued by the malignity of a host of enemies. His empire was taken from him and he was forced into exile, he was twice prevented from complying with the wishes of his subjects and returning to (rule) his Kingdom of Hungary: and finally he was deported like an undesirable alien to the island of Madeira, where he died in great poverty...."

As that work never had a large circulation, is long out of print, and is known to few, if any, of the younger generation, let us see what is there said of the miseries that ensued on the betrayal of the Sovereign by the Regent Horthy in 1921:

"The Emperor and Empress took shelter in Count Franz Estherhazy's Castle where they were captured . . . The night of October 24th was one of the blackest in Hungary's history. The officers of the Osterburg battalion have left it on record that the Regent even stooped to attempted murder. According to their report, an irresponsible rabble of about 120 men in twenty requisitioned cars and one lorry, was ordered by Captain Kolonor Racz to hold up the King's train and 'put the whole crowd of them out of the way' . . . a project which was only foiled by the decent feelings of one of the chauffeurs....

"The Emperor and Empress were removed to Tihany, where they became prisoners to the Entente. On October 24, the Conference of Ambassadors had decided to demand from Hungary the deposition of her King, and his arrest and banishment from the country, under conditions to be determined by the Allies. The Hungarian Government accordingly endeavoured to obtain a voluntary and written abdication, knowing only too well that by the terms of the Constitution the King cannot be deposed. The King refused, as indeed he was bound to refuse."

HE declared, "As long as God grants me strength to do my duty, I will not renounce the throne of Hungary to which my Coronation oath binds me. I will keep intact the rights which have descended to me as wearer of the Holy Crown... It is my deepest conviction that thus only can I adequately uphold the traditions and the abiding interests of the Hungarian nation..." Protesting against the order for his deportation, which was taken under foreign pressure, he was amazed to find he was to be handed over to the British Danube flotilla. "By the laws of Hungary," he said, "I have an indisputable right to remain on Hungarian soil". Those who arranged his expulsion "did not dare to drag the captive King through Hungary in the broad light of day".

How their Imperial Majesties were taken away in the British destroyer *Cardiff*, and were not even informed where they were going, and with how little courtesy they were treated must astound all who used to have a high idea of British chivalry. Says Von Werkmann:

"When Napoleon was taken to St. Helena he was allowed to take with him a great company of friends and attendants... (and also) he had a butler, a steward, a cook, lackeys, stable boys and others. In 1815 the expenses of his establishment were estimated at £20,000 and after he had been on the island for only ten months, although no Treaty of Peace had attempted to touch his private fortune, he applied for extra allowance of £12,000."

*London. Philip Allen. 1924. Translated by I. E. Lockhart. The author concludes his preface "My qualifications to write about the life and actions of the Emperor can be revealed better by the book itself than by the longest of Prefaces. Let it suffice that I served on his staff when he was heir to the throne, as Chief of his Press Intelligence Bureau when he became Emperor; and that I did not desert him when misfortune came."

But the Emperor Charles, the innocent and ill-starred inheritor of St. Stephen's Crown, suffered humiliations against which let us hope the English of all ranks might have remonstrated, had they known the particulars:

"The Emperor was weak and ill when he came to Madeira. For two weeks he and his wife had been dragged from train to train and from ship to ship. A dirty railway carriage, a Danube monitor, a cockleshell of a boat, a small cruiser (destroyer) unadapted for the conveyance of passengers, such was their home for several weeks . . . The Emperor, who was a bad sailor, suffered terribly from seasickness. He asked to be allowed to go ashore but was refused. At Gibraltar he asked to be allowed to go to Church and was refused that too, with the offensive explanation that his promise not to escape could not be relied upon!"

THE Portuguese at Funchal gave the exiled Emperor and Empress a welcome suited to their rank; and on first arrival in Madeira, Empress Zita sent messages of reassurance to her children then in Switzerland. She had known before the return to Hungary that she was going to have a baby. But "she kept the knowledge to herself during the journey from Switzerland, the fight before Buda-Pest, and her imprisonment in Hungary and on board ship. She never uttered a word of complaint or fear, or a cry of pain to anyone. . . ."

"I regard it as a crowning piece of cruelty on the part of the Emperor's gaolers that they took away from him all his suite at a time when he who had become so poor was in such need of companionship and help; . . . all of us who had been with him in Switzerland would gladly have followed him to Madeira . . . But the Entente would not hear of it. . . ."

The manner in which the Empress was treated and the needless difficulties created when she asked to go to Switzerland, where her six-year-old son the Archduke Robert had to have an operation for appendicitis, are a shocking revelation of official humanity.

In the absence of the Empress—says Von Werkmann—"the Emperor suffered very much during these weeks of loneliness . . . and it is difficult to overestimate the value of the services of Count Almeida, the Portuguese gentleman who went from Lisbon to Funchal to be with him and keep him company."*

A LETTER of a lady-in-waiting, 12th March, 1922, relates that their Majesties "had no money and could no longer afford to stay at an expensive hotel". So when a local banker offered them a villa in the mountains they gratefully accepted. But the constant fog, rain and damp, were the more trying in that for heating the house there was only green wood, which smoked, and no hot water for washing. The villa was extremely damp; and to get enough food seemed impossible.

"The poor Emperor cannot get any meat for his evening meal, only vegetables and milk pudding. . . .

"Worst of all, Her Majesty will be confined in May, and will have neither a midwife nor a proper doctor. There is only the children's nurse here, and she has no experience . . . I am writing without the knowledge of their Majesties, but I cannot understand how these two innocent people can have been allowed to live here for quite a long time in a totally inadequate house . . . In our little chapel the fungus grows thick on the walls. His Majesty has had a severe

*The Austrian writer did not mention that Dom João d'Almeida (descended from the famous Dom Francisco d'Almeida, Viceroy of Portuguese India) had been in his youth an officer in the Austrian Army. He was a devoted adherent of Dom Miguel II Duke of Braganca. Taking part in Captain Couceiro's Royalist rising, he was arrested at Chaves in Portugal; and treated not as a prisoner of war but as a criminal, sentenced to solitary confinement for life. His case led to the discovery of other tyrannical sentences in Lisbon and many imprisonments without trial. The British Protest organized in early 1913 by the Earl of Lytton and Adeline Duchess of Bedford brought diplomatic pressure to bear on behalf of the prisoners. The General Amnesty Bill was passed on the 20th of February 1914; in days when the influence of Britain abroad was still both powerful and humane.

catarrh and cough for weeks"; and the children all were ill with Spanish influenza. At last, when particulars of the condition of the Emperor and his family penetrated to the outer world, it was arranged not to move them to better quarters but only to send the former Court doctor to Funchal: "But it was too late. The Emperor was sinking rapidly . . . And while he lay and struggled and suffered, he was tortured by thoughts of his country and by anxiety for the future of those dear to him."

HE expressed a wish that his body might be buried in his homeland. But even this was denied. Of his funeral in Madeira on the 5th April, 1922, an Austrian lady wrote:

> "It was all so sad and poor . . . a small plain coffin stood on the floor . . ."—but his body was dressed in his military uniform and the Order of the Golden Fleece. "The coffin was borne in a small two-wheeled cart which one of the gentlemen drew . . . A very large crowd of people gathered in front of the Church. The Empress was there with the three elder children. The children are perfectly charming . . ." The Empress "is a wonderful woman. She never for one moment lost her self-control; nor did the children. I did not see them cry. They were just very pale and sad. When they left the Church they bowed on all sides, and the Empress spoke a few words to those who helped with the funeral. The coffin was covered with the old flag of Austria-Hungary, probably for the last time unfurled? . . ."

The Emperor was thirty-four, and the Empress several years under thirty. The Muse of History is capricious. There are griefs woven into a wreath of laurels which never fade. To this day in the Highlands of Scotland many still cherish the thought of "bonnie Prince Charlie"—though literary folk have repeatedly dragged into the open the dismal tale of his degraded last years. Upon the Emperor Charles's character there is no stain. The dishonour is to those who treated him and his Empress with an insolence and inhumanity the more deplorable in contrast to the gracious and unselfish natures of the sufferers, who in a Christian era would have commanded widespread respect and compassion.

SOME of us feel that the rise of Hitler and the horrors of the recent World War were not only a nemesis for Austro-Hungarian weakness in allowing the blameless Emperor to be dethroned, but also that Great Britain, America, and France, were largely responsible. But in excuse for the masses in those countries we may doubt whether they were ever allowed to realize the facts.

Actually, the Emperor Charles had never ceased to hope that even if he were not fated to a restoration his eldest son would be called to the throne. Nor was it any secret in 1922 that there were men of all ranks in both Austria and Hungary who would have welcomed the Archduke Otto, believing that hereditary rank which God has given, man can only for a while degrade.

TO those who recall traditions of the Holy Roman Empire, and of the brilliant civilization represented by Maximilian I, the decline and break up of twentieth century Austria and of Hungary appears as one of those calamities the repercussions of which cannot be fully expressed in party political terms. People old enough to recollect the time when Austria and Hungary not only enjoyed peace but prosperity—when the picturesquely clad peasants sang at their work in the fields, and when there was no such thing as an "iron curtain"—maybe allowed to regret that the Empire which rose with the Habsburgs fell with the Habsburgs.

Recent appeals in the London Press were made by a gallant peer (who is also a soldier and V.C.), for money for counsel for the defence of one of England's German foes. But where in 1919-22 was any voice raised in England on behalf of the Emperor Charles, who, had he been permitted, would gladly have been England's friend?

Short Story

THE GARDENER

By R. K. NARAYAN

The talkative man said:

AT the end of a period of gardening you may have flowers and fruits and vegetables around you, but you will have lost your soul. It is worse than drink and women.

As you see me, I am sure I strike you very favourably, as a fellow full of sense, goodness and sympathy. I am proud to tell you that I come of a family which has possessed these traits for ten generations now. And yet there was a time, a dark period in my life, when I hugged the devil. Now I can see how people must have quailed at the sight of me and prayed for some blight to carry me off. Happily, all that is an old story.

I was working for Soil Foods Ltd., Manufacturers of Chemical Fertilizers. I was expected to persuade our peasants to use chemical fertilizers for their crops in place of cow dung and other odds and ends. My area was Malgudi district.

Living is cheap in Malgudi and for twenty rupees I secured a beautiful bungalow with a good compound (ah, that was my ruin) on the very edge of the town. I engaged a cook and a servant and I was on the whole very happy and contented.

For amiability, good fellowship, and generosity, my name became a byword in the town. My gate was always open and vagrants and beggars, visitors and cows, freely came in, went about and did what they liked. Some slept in the shady corners of the compound; some even came up to the veranda and some unknown persons even lived in the shed. The sight of them always made me happy, and if I did not share my food with them it was because I could not afford it.

My work was light, and in course of time I turned to gardening. One morning I sliced out my compound into several beds and plots, and shooed off all my unknown friends. I told them if they showed themselves again, I would call in the police.

A person like me who loved all animate and inanimate things suddenly realized that the scheme of the universe was opposed to all my most cherished plans. When I sowed the tiny seeds of brinjals and saw next morning that about twenty thousand small ants had opened a camp on the plot, I paused, and frowned to reflect—probably the first frown in my life. I removed the camp as gently as possible to another place. But the next morning they were back there, and for yards around every ant in the area carried a tiny seed in its mouth. At the sight I felt something slipping within me. I went in. Water was boiling in a kettle. I brought the kettle down and poured the water on the ant camp, and felt relieved at the sight of their small red bodies bleaching and curling up. Thereafter I slaughtered ants wherever I saw them. Remember, I would not have hurt any living creature till then.

Next I turned my attention to sparrows. These feathered friends of man subsist on germinating seeds. They usually wait in flocks near every garden plot, watch for soft white sprouts to show themselves above the earth, and then nip them off with their tiny beaks. The few seeds that I saved from the ants ended their career in the gizzards of these birds. I had a gun licence. One day I sat up with my gun in the veranda, opened fire, and mounted a few trophies on bamboo poles as a warning to all sparrowkind.

I told you I had a servant. He had a son about seven years old. He was an attractive youngster with a perfectly flat nose and a complexion of ebony; and the dirt of a dustbin

was on him. He was my best friend in the locality. The fellow owned a small iron hoop and he spent his waking hours pushing it about. But I encouraged him to come and play in the front compound.

There I had now planted some jasmine cuttings, roses, and some gorgeous annuals. I suddenly realized that the youngster was a danger to civilization. The change of the place from a wilderness to a well-ordered garden did not at all strike him as a matter worth a man's notice. He went about pushing his hoop as before. I warned him to keep off the front compound and to confine his activities to an uncultivated corner of the back yard. The next day I saw marks of tiny feet on the bed of annuals, and I hunted him down and shouted at him. On the third day I discovered that the fellow would not miss for anything the thrill of running precariously on the edge of cultivated plots. And so, when the boy was away, I gathered some thorns and strewed them on the edge of the flower beds. I sat in the veranda and watched, and when the boy came and collapsed with a howl on the geranium plot, leaving his hoop to roll away, I felt triumphant. I went over to him and gently kicked him. The boy stood gazing at me, quite baffled by my new manner. I dragged him by the ear to the gate and pushed him out, and threw his iron hoop after him. The hoop must have hit him somewhere, for his father came later and said that some beast had hurt his son with iron. I told the man that I would crack his son's skull if he came near my garden again. He had been an ideal servant with the courtesy of a prince and the efficiency of a machine, but he loved his son dearly; and he replied that he would see my head broken first. I dismissed him on the spot. He spread the rumour that I drank heavily; and I could not get another servant at any price. After this I did not live, as you will presently see, very long in Malgudi; but the few months I stayed there, I cleaned my shoes, swept my house, and in various other ways acquired self-reliance.

Mark my progress. I have told you that in the pre-gardening days my gates were always open. In those days, about twenty-four cows at a time could be seen in my compound, grazing the God-given grass. I loved to see, in the languid afternoons, white cows munching grass, and the cowboys dozing under the margosa tree. It was a picture that produced in me a certain spiritual satisfaction. After I became a gardener, naturally I had to forego this pleasure. But it hit the cows as well as their owners hard.

I need hardly tell you that milkmen in our country own cows but not food or shelter for them. In the off-hours the animals are turned out to shift for themselves. They lounge in the market place, promenade the busy thoroughfares, and try the gate of every bungalow in the town and live mostly on gardens.

Now, every day I had to carry out a big cattle-drive in my place. There were gaps in the lantana fencing and my gate was weak, and cows invaded my compound. I chased them out and many a Malgudi cow bore the mark of my stick on its back. Remember, I am a Hindu, and the cow is very sacred to me! I strengthened the fencing and secured the gate with heavy bolts. This kept the cows out during the day; but early in the morning, I saw hoof marks in my garden, and plants that had stood yards high on the previous evening would now be mere stumps at ground level. I sat up one night in the dark veranda and watched. The milkmen came at dead of night, jumped over the gate, drew the bolt back, let the cows in, shut the gate again, and went away. Early in the morning, at milking time, they took the cows out and closed the gate before going. This arrangement was evidently considered satisfactory to both parties. I should have the satisfaction of not seeing the cows and they of not letting their cows starve. When I caught them, I meted out punishment, in several ways: sent the cows to the Municipal pound, kicked the cow-owners when they came to beg that it should not be done, and lodged a police

complaint, so that they were kicked by the police, too.

Lastly, through a gap in the fencing, my compound served as as short cut between a nearby village and the local law courts. A foot-track ran through the compound and it was much in use. I had first permitted the custom to have its way because the sight of people passing from village to the court made me happy.

Now I put up boards on all sides warning trespassers and closed the gap in the fencing. But the percentage of literacy in our country is low and it does not take much time to make gaps in fences. The trespassers gathered the harvests of my garden and walked on the seedlings. For a week I kept shouting at them, and then lost my head one day and ran after two village litigants. I went for them with such a war-whoop that they started running. I chased them down the road and kicked and rolled them in the dust.

The litigants staggered to the courts with contusions and bruises. Their lawyers suggested a suit for assault as a profitable line of action. The owners of the cows had also got in touch with the lawyers and further suits for assault were hatched.

There were one or two police cases against me for assault and about three suits for damages. They took up all my time and most of my savings.

These cases brought me such notoriety that every man, woman and child in the town shuddered at the sight of me. The town had never known such a drunkard and bully . . .

This reputation naturally affected my business. My average daily sales till now had been about four hundred pounds of chemical fertilizers, but now it had gradually shrunk to about fifty.

The plot I cherished most was one containing about ten Shoe-Flower plants. They were a special variety—the purple kind with a double row of petals. I had secured them with great difficulty from one of my customers. These plants were coming up quite well, but somehow I felt that they were not growing fast enough. Caught by a sudden experimental mood, one day, I mixed in their soil an ounce of *Palitate*, a special preparation of our company's for gardens. And four days later there were only ten charred stumps in that plot.

I believe I cried a little. I squatted under a tree and sat brooding. The postman came and gave me a letter. It was from my office, containing scathing references to my recent work and demanding an explanation. This was not an auspicious moment for my office to send me that letter. I went in and wrote a reply informing my employers that there was a limit to the gullability of the public, that it would not go on giving money in exchange for blights like *Palitate*; and that the company had better change its name from Soil Foods to Soil Poisons Ltd.

Next day I received a wire summoning me to the Head Office. I knew the end had come.

I sat under a tree and held a review of my activities. I saw where I was (and why) very clearly.

I looked about the garden. I had created a feast for the eye, the nose, and the tongue. The plants ached with their load of flowers and fruits . . .

I took a stout stick and laid about me. In about half an hour there was not one plant standing vertically in the compound. I went to the gate and threw it wide open. There were half a dozen cows waiting outside. I invited them in. They had apparently been starving for a long time.

I lost my job. I secured another only after two years of intense travail—that is another story. I shall close this with a moral: if you see only dry grass in your compound, leave it alone; never try to grow brinjals or roses in its place.

SOCIALISM AND THE FISCAL MACHINE

By COLLIN BROOKS

LEADERS of all parties, their more sophisticated followers and, certainly, all senior officials of the State Departments, are vividly aware that behind the dust-cloud of dialectics and beyond the mocking mirages of partizan wishful thinking, lies a grim reality—the possible, or, as some would hold, the inevitable, economic collapse of Great Britain in 1952, or shortly afterwards. That catastrophe might take one of two forms. By the failure to provide dollar repayments, Britain might find herself short of essential foods for her awkwardly pocketed fifty millions of citizens and without necessary raw materials to support her industries. That would mean literal, not metaphorical, starvation for a large proportion of our people, with attendant civic disruption and internecine warfare. It would mean the successful creation of that social chaos which is the precursor of Communism. The other form which catastrophe might take would be economic helotry to the United States, as the unpleasant alternative to helotry in the political and military sphere to the Union of Soviet Republics.

But there is another doom to which we drive steadily forward which is not as vivid even in the imaginations of tutored minds. It is that of a fiscal collapse. It is an open question whether State Socialism as we know it under the Attlee, Menshevik, Government, can for very long continue without a complete breakdown in our financial machinery.

BEFORE 1945 there was a prevailing myth that the Socialists had ready mature plans for the creation of a Socialist State. The Webbs had, indeed, years before the Attlee triumph, produced a formidable tome describing what kind of a State that would be. Once the Socialists were in office, the myth was exploded, the Webbs' great work forgotten. Even an ardent Socialist Minister could confess that plans for nationalization had not been properly "thought out". In consequence, the Attlee Government—in its necessary haste—imposed upon Great Britain the beginnings of a Socialist State, but took no steps to provide a fiscal machine for its administration. They tried, as, indeed, Lloyd-George had done thirty years earlier, to administer a Socialist State with a financial and Parliamentary machine created originally for a feudal purpose and later adapted, ineptly, for the uses of Free Enterprise Capitalism. There can be only one result of this endeavour. The result must be disaster.

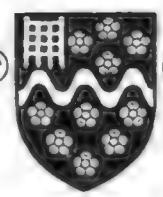
In fiscal theory, to take the matter at its simplest, the faithful Commons are the watchdogs of State expenditure. That the faithful Commons shall not be provoked, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has always had the rôle of a kind of domestic watchdog over his spending colleagues. Under Pitt, Peel and Gladstone, even, perhaps, under Harcourt, the exchequer cloth governed the cut of the coat. It was an admirable system for as long as the function of Government was little more than to preserve law and order (which included the provision of defence) and preserve the sanctity of contract. Once the function extended beyond that, and included first the taxing of the citizenry to pay for lavish social services and next various trading adventures, all liable to loss, the system could not be sustained. We have seen in the past few months the sorry spectacle of an allegedly strong Chancellor forbidding further supplementaries, only to find twenty

Departments clamouring for new subventions to the tune of more than £148,000,000 above their original estimates.

THE Crippsian dilemma is extreme. If the extra estimates are not accepted and met, the whole Socialistic scheme, including the Welfare State, breaks down: if they are accepted and met, the country must find a new volume of taxes in addition to that load which every bank chairman this year has testified is already too great if British industry is to maintain a successful export drive and the nation is to regain solvency.

Sir Stafford said, during his electioneering, that it is impossible to reduce taxation. It now seems that he will find it impossible to abstain from increasing taxation. But if taxation is not reduced—say those best qualified to diagnose our situation—the nation's exertions towards a restored solvency, and the hope of prosperity, will go for nothing.

Sir Stafford Cripps himself has declared that Britain's need now is for a deflationary trend without an actual deflationary policy. While the spending Departments continue to take purchasing power off the citizens, many of whom would not exercise it, many of whom would apply it to the increase of capital goods and not to the decrease of consumer goods, and while those Departments then apply that purchasing power to reckless expenditure, largely on consumer goods, there can be no deflationary trend. There can only be a stimulus to inflation. The progress of inflation means—it is elementary—a decrease in the purchasing power of every pound which the Government takes from industry and the earning citizen: that in its turn must mean successive deficits and successive increase of tax rates. This inevitability of increased handicaps and deterrents must, in its turn, mean a diminishing ability to meet the tax demand. What must then happen to Britain as a State is what happened to Poplar as a Municipality—a bankrupt Administration. But whereas Poplar had the State to fall back upon, Britain will have no



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recourse except a further appeal to outside aid, which may be denied or may be granted on very onerous terms, terms affecting both defence and diplomacy, and certainly affecting Sovereignty.

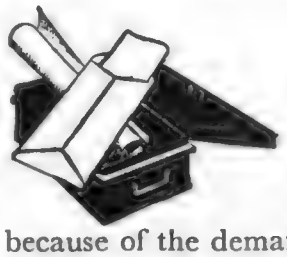
SIR STAFFORD has also admitted that there is only one area of taxation which can now be more thoroughly exploited by an avaricious Chancellor, pressed by spendthrift colleagues, and that is in the range of imposts known collectively and colloquially as the Death Duties. Here, the danger from Socialist finance is as familiar as it is frightening. Ever since Sir William Harcourt in 1894, with, oddly enough, the expert help of the then young Alfred Milner, created the first death duties, the State has unblushingly dissipated private capital to apply it as State Revenue. Nothing could be more vicious. Much research since the days of Stamp has been devoted to the mysteries of the disintegration and re-aggregation of fortunes; it would need not economists but psychiatrists to discover the causes of the inability of politicians and their attendant bureaucrats to realize that capital once disintegrated and used as revenue takes long to coagulate again even when the possession of "capital" is encouraged or even permitted. Aggregations of capital are neither permitted nor encouraged under State Socialism, which almost regards capital accretions as a capital offence.

In the final analysis, all tax yield comes from industry, no matter what or how devious are the channels by which it reaches the Exchequer. Adam Smith's memorable rules for sound taxation still remain unchanged. One was that a tax which sheds too much of its yield between payment and receipt is intrinsically a bad tax. By its methods of assessment and collection, including all the privately paid assessors and collectors who are the servants of industry in the counting houses where P.A.Y.E. is handled, and including the hordes of official accountants and "counter-battery" accountants who at great cost battle against each other for small adjustments, the present tax system as a whole stamps itself as the very method of squeezing industry to pamper the State that Adam Smith would most heartily have denounced. If it is not reformed it will play a large part in creating that fiscal chaos, which, again, cannot be better described than as the breakdown of the Administrative machine.

MANY of us would go to the stake on the proposition that no State could possibly perform with success the functions which have been imposed by State Socialism on our State. That, at least, may be arguable. What seems certain is that our particular kind of State, built haphazardly by a succession of expedient additions and hasty adaptations on a very narrow original base, cannot do so. Under any fiscal system feckless and unchecked unfruitful expenditure provided at the expense of the very necessaries of industry would lead eventually to ruin: under our system, devised merely to collect and apply a severely limited amount of finance to few and well-defined purposes, that ruin must be speedy.

It must be the more speedy when those who strive to administer such a system for wide purposes for which it was never meant are inept, which is an oblique way of saying that if and when the fiscal breakdown comes Ministers such as the academic Strachey and the demagogic Bevan will not be its prime causes, but the symptoms of the true cause. The true cause of the impending collapse is the Socialist mind, which will not, or cannot, regard finance as a technical instrument, but persists in thinking of it and using it as a politico-sociological weapon.

THE WILL AND THE DEED



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LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

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ENEMIES OF PROMISE *

By BASIL HARVEY

THIS admirable study of a man whose charm, vitality and high talent lent to his failure the appearance of success is absorbingly interesting until the author has carried us with him two thirds of the distance, when he perpetrates the statement: "We often think that we are conquering society, when in fact we are adapting ourselves to its remorseless vulgarity, its fathomless destruction of our own idealism." Much may be forgiven a biographer defending the reputation of an admired elder brother, but it remains futile to blame society for our capitulation to its less estimable characteristics or to seek a cosmic explanation of individual defeat.

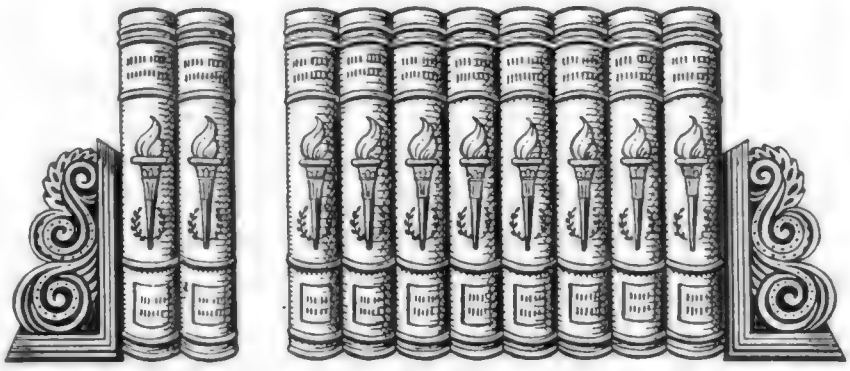
It is the story of a young man of splendid gifts who, denied social or educational advantages, set out to make his way in the world, to shape "his life as an architect plans a house". Encumbered by supposed family skeletons, embarrassed by his first name "Alphonse" (which, in later years, he improved to "Alroy"), and deprived of parental backing at an early age A. J., as he liked to be called, had achieved the position of Director and Secretary of the First Edition Club by the time he was twenty-one. The distinction was not so great as might appear, but it was evidence of enterprise and courage in a boy whose father, having failed as auctioneer and ruined himself as racehorse owner, now lost money on a small hotel at Brighton. A. J's salary was £4 a week, the Club in Pall Mall, his residence in Clapham.

Unhappily, the Club brought him into contact with those interested in the paraphernalia of literature rather than in literature itself, and, more unfortunately, enabled him to make acquaintance among the rich and titled. When his Club was removed to Bloomsbury and seemed promising of success, he married a talented dress-designer whom he had met when in the Artists' Rifles, revealing a rather odd sense of what was appropriate to a honeymoon by inviting friends to join them on a yacht. Soon A. J. was entertaining friends at home, cultivating dining-out acquaintances, advising George Moore and planning "A Select Bibliography and History of the Books of the Nineties, with Notes on their Authors", a work which was to be a recurrent theme throughout his life, but which, though frequently advertised, was never completed.

In addition, he was gambling and, as friends suggested, playing to win. His charm, talent and vivacity offset in large measure his sense of social insecurity, which he sought to conquer by joining a distinguished club. His resignation, when reprimanded for entertaining Lord Alfred Douglas there, was an act of courage, compensated when, with the title "Brother Speculator", he was made a member of a dining club named "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes", one of the tiresome jokes that attract the sycophants of literature. The papers he read to the Sette were his first successful literary productions; the friendships he made led to habits of extravagance; his introduction to André Simon brought about the Wine and Food Society, where he gave to headwaiters what was meant for mankind.

The chapters dealing with the fortunes of the First Edition Club, with the Book-Collector's Quarterly, make entertaining reading. Charitably viewed, A. J. was guilty

* *A. J. A. Symons: His Life and Speculations.* By Julian Symons. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 15s.



The missing volume

ONE of the most important volumes in the Social History of England has — so far as our knowledge goes — yet to be written. It will deal with the Twentieth Century Housewife and the way her life has been transformed by the introduction of scientific labour-saving devices. Naturally enough, this is a subject of the greatest interest to Hoover Limited, since it is difficult to believe that in this Twentieth Century any two mechanical appliances have done more to ease the lot of the housewife than the Hoover Cleaner and the Hoover Electric Washing Machine. Nor should it be forgotten that Hoover F.H.P. Electric Motors are used in many other domestic appliances.

It seems fair, therefore, to assume that if the missing volume ever comes to be written, a special chapter will be devoted to the activities of Hoover Limited.

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only of optimism, but his ventures ended in financial loss to his backers. Our interest remains lively, since still he is a young man of immense potentiality. His life of H. M. Stanley, the first fruit of his resolve at last to make a literary career, earned him only the advance on royalties and was followed by *The Quest for Corvo*, the solid, graceful and infinitely promising achievement by which he is remembered.

Thereafter, Symons' career was a dazzling declension: uncompleted projects; splendid dishes; fine wines; a country house where guests were expected to display accomplishments redounding to the credit of their host; the collection of musical boxes; the accumulation of every sort of rubbish that might fill the emptiness deriving from the stifling of his creative talent. His marriage was wrecked, a love affair petered out, and it is almost a relief to read of his death early in the war. The pathos of this story of a young man whose great gifts were inhibited always by a sense of inferiority occasioned by his having been born a Jew and apprenticed in youth to a furrier, and by a consequent fear of vulgarity should he give free expression to his emotions in "fictional works whose course would be wholly dependent upon his own taste and judgment", could have attained the stature of tragedy had its author been less concerned to maintain a detachment that inhibits his own tenderness.

CYCLE OF HUMANISM

THE DRAMA OF ATHEIST HUMANISM. By Henri de Lubac, S.J. *Sheed and Ward.* 15*s.*

NICHOLAS BERDYAEV has emphasized in more than one book that humanism, as it became anti-religious, became essentially anti-human. As Father Lubac says, "We are confronted with what Nicholas Berdyaev has rightly called 'the self-destruction of humanism.' We are proving by experience that 'where there is no God, there is no man either.' "

The term "humanism" was first used to denote that aspect of the Renaissance which was a revolt against scholastic theology, and it implied especially a revival of interest in the thought of Rome and Greece; but it was rarely in actual revolt against the Catholic Church, although giving much moral support to the Reformation. It was with Nietzsche and Comte that humanism became definitely antitheist, and hostility to God was perhaps the only emotional belief to which Nietzsche adhered with complete consistency. Father Lubac's study of Comte is of special interest because the father of positivism is so little known. It was Comte who elevated atheistic humanism into a religion with himself at the head of a hierarchy which should regulate the worship of the "Great Being," a sort of personalization of depersonalized Humanity. For Comte greatly admired all in the Catholic Church except its Christianity. He has supplied the material for those who make of communism a religion.

Of Dostoievski, Father Lubac says "he is human *because* he is Christian . . . His Christianity is genuine; it is, at bottom, the Christianity of the Gospel, and it is this Christianity which, reaching beyond his great gifts as a psychologist, lends so much depth to his vision of man". He does not shirk Dostoievski's great story, "The Grand Inquisitor," saying that this figure is the most prophetic of all those begotten of his genius. Contending that man can be happy only if relieved of the burden of freedom, the Inquisitor " combines the type of the socialist and the type of the superman". Father Lubac acknowledges his indebtedness to André Gidé in showing how Dostoievski was the prophet of the way revolutionary technique was to develop and impose itself.

The movement away from God is represented by Feuerbach, Comte and Nietzsche, the counter-movement towards God by Kierkegaard and Dostoievski, but the book is far from being a mere sequence of the five

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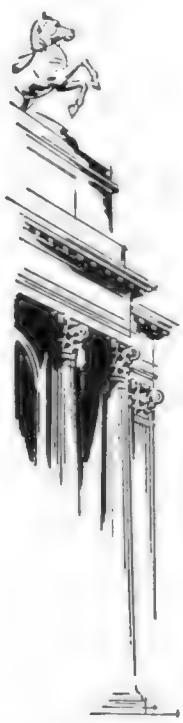

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characters who are often surprisingly intertwined, the author especially finding strange affinities between Nietzsche and Dostoievski. It is a book that sends one back to the writers described.

BRIAN LUNN.

Novels

THERE'S NO HOME. Alexander Baron. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

DEAR LIFE. H. E. Bates. *Michael Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

FASTER! FASTER! Patrick Bair. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

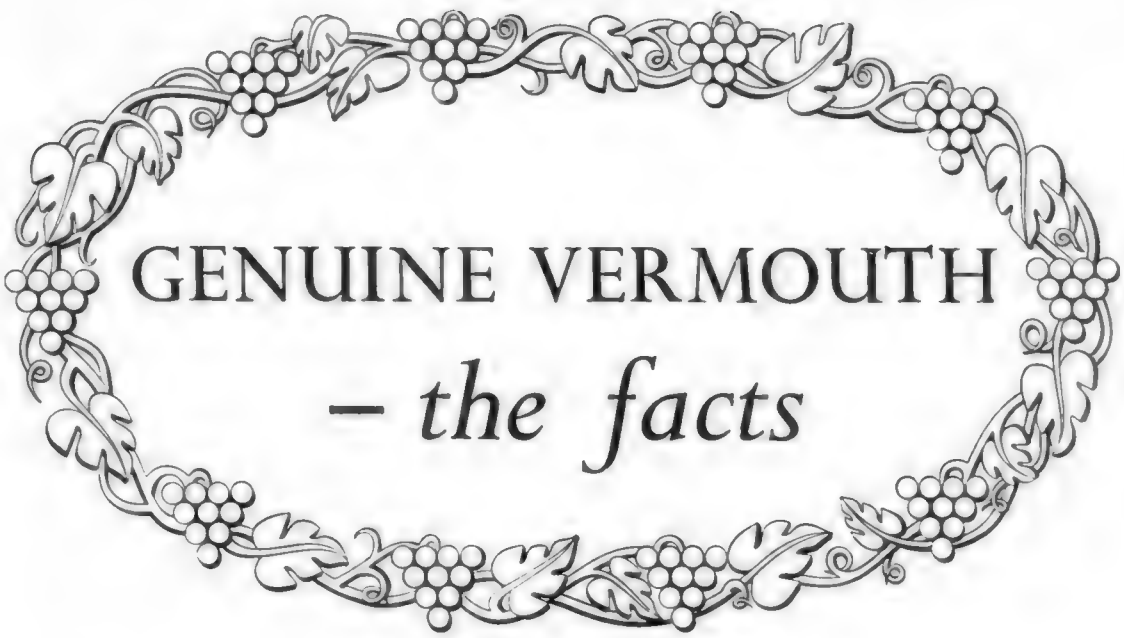
THE GRASS IS SINGING. Doris Lessing. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

MAN IN EBONY. Denys Craig. *Victor Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

ALEXANDER BARON, who wrote perhaps the best novel about the ordinary English soldier in the last war, has now joined the many novelists writing about the war in Italy. Like *From the City, from the Plough, There's No Home* is marked by a deep sympathy which never slackens into sentimentality. The action takes place during one of those lulls in action while a group of soldiers is resting in a small Sicilian town. The soldiers, of course, "fraternize," though not with the violent sexuality described by the American commentators. The captain, a man of the type that is liberated by war from the trammels of civilian respectability, takes his pleasure on a strictly cash basis, but most of the men seek the illusion of affection. The central episode concerns Sergeant Craddock, a radio mechanic with a wife and child in Slough, and Graziella, a young Sicilian woman whose husband has "disappeared" in the fighting in northern Italy. The development of their relation from a common need to something like love is drawn with deep feeling and a true insight into the minds of these two uncontemplative persons: the Englishman, affectionate, a little shamefaced, a good soldier vaguely aware that the break in his life will never be wholly repaired, and the illiterate creature of pure emotion who nevertheless possesses a deep instinctive wisdom of the tragic destiny of mankind. Mr. Baron does not possess the crackling vehemence of John Horne Burns or Alfred Hayes; he has no desire to comment on a situation but only on the people caught up in it. His style is plain, he does not indulge in flights of lyricism or invective, but a sense of human dignity gives real value to his book.

DEAR LIFE is a short novel, a form in which H. E. Bates has done much of his best work. It is a departure from his usual themes, for it concerns not heroism but delinquency. The story, which bears some resemblance to the facts of an actual case some years back, is about the association of a young girl with a deserter and of the sequence of murders which ensues. I did not feel that the writer had got into the skin of these people, but his power of painting a scene and of handling a climax is brilliantly displayed.

FASTER! FASTER! is a first novel of remarkable accomplishment in that it achieves a perfect double harness between the factual plot and the underlying meaning. We are to imagine a state organized in perpetual motion on a long train, divided into first, second and third classes. In the first class are the administrators and high executives; in the second the lesser officials; in the third, the drivers, cooks and cleaners on whose labour the speed and comfort of the train depends. A man named Chapel is sent down from the exquisite comfort of the first class for a breach of discipline. In the third class he finds himself driven, spied on, forced to do useless menial labour in appalling conditions and distrusted by the people among whom he now lives. A good many allegorical thrillers only hold interest for half their length: when the relation of the two planes is established many writers fail to take



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the story beyond the initial statement. Mr. Bair, however, pursues his fantasy to an end which is logical and exciting, and whether it is read as a story or as a parable of our situation this is undoubtedly a book that "comes off".

ANOTHER first novel of exceptional promise is *The Grass is Singing*. Miss Doris Lessing is bold enough to give away her climax at the start and clever enough to keep the reader engrossed while she explains how it happened. Though the book is written as a tragedy of the colour problem in South Africa, I feel that it is really a tragedy of personality first. A more complex social structure would have provided a niche for Mary Turner, without driving her into marriage with a struggling farmer whose obsession is the land which, for nearly twenty years, he has tried to make prosperous. Mary hates the loneliness and the lack of small refinements; she is denied a child because they cannot afford it. The story of her loosening grip on life as bankruptcy approaches, her obsession with and gradual domination by the coloured "boy" Moses and, finally, her murder, is told with great ability. It is a drab story but a powerful one.

MAN IN EBONY is set in French Equatorial Africa, and its theme is the impact of Christianity upon the native mind. N'Gante is an African priest who has been educated in France. When the book opens he is returning to his native village, and as he approaches the once familiar place childhood memories of his mother and his twin sister Nya crowd back upon him and scratch the alien veneer; soon he finds his grip on Christianity, which had seemed so well-founded, shaken by the response of his blood to the African religious rites. There is an astonishing scene, exceedingly well written, where the chief sorceress subdues N'Gante into participation in the sacrificial ceremony. Even without the brilliant introduction written by Mr. Joyce Cary to the book, it would be obvious that Mr. Craig has a deep understanding of his subject. Comparing the book with Mr. Cary's own *An African Witch* (just added to the Collected Edition) I felt that Mr. Craig had considerably idealized African religion in action, but the vivid pictures in his book make an undeniable impression.

RUBY MILLAR.

AN OUTSTANDING NOVEL

THE RUTHLESS INNOCENT. By Patrick Balfour. *Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.*

THIS charming book, though not strikingly original in aim or matter, succeeds nevertheless in being distinguished. The story concerns the fashionable life of the nineteen twenties which have already been dealt with thoroughly by Mr. Evelyn Waugh, but an unmistakable sincerity in the treatment of the central theme illuminates the whole, with something more than a reflection of "Decline and Fall", and makes tolerable the bright young characters who prance through the book in the determinedly light-hearted manner of their decade. They crack jokes in a style which was funny once ("Shall I compare thee to a winter's day, Thou art less lovely with less temperament . . ."); there is a negro dancer called Gazelle Buttocks, an American hostess called Mrs. Caractus Vandertrunk Sprint, a dowager of unusual dowdiness ("Ozzie always says she manures her hats"), and some repugnant young men. They are all stock characters, but artistically defensible, and in my opinion successful, for they provide a conventional period setting in the middle of which there is drawn a compelling picture, that of the hero's love for the endearing and inhuman heroine, the "ruthless innocent". In all its varied phases this love is described in authentic terms, not least in the final phase, when it comes to grief, and sets the author some unusually difficult problems which he skilfully overcomes. The secret of the book's success is, I believe, that Mr. Balfour has not been afraid to describe any important aspect of his main subject, whether of a forbidding or tender kind.

H. DUPONT.

A TRAGIC STORY

IRELAND FROM GRATTON'S PARLIAMENT TO THE GREAT FAMINE, 1783-1850. By James Carty. *C. J. Fallon Ltd.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

MR. CARTY has already put a wide circle of readers in his debt by an earlier volume which deals with the period between the Flight of the Earls and the Volunteer Movement, and those who enjoyed that work will assuredly not be disappointed in its successor. The same method is employed in the present instance, that is to say the history of Ireland is presented as described in contemporary records, and it is equally successful. Indeed, Mr. Carty is to be warmly congratulated upon his choice of extracts.

The chief historical events of the period are, of course, the Union, Catholic Emancipation, and the Famine; all are fully documented in these pages, but for many readers the accounts of the social life of the people will have a greater attraction. Nor is this all, for the volume is enhanced by a large number of very charming illustrations, which vary from the portraits of statesmen and patriots to a picture of the first train to leave Westland Row Station in 1834. Altogether, a book which will be appreciated equally by the historian and the general reader.

CHARLES PETRIE.

A BOSH SHOT

THE PATTERN OF THE FUTURE. By Alex Comfort. *Routledge and Kegan Paul.* 6*s.*

THERE is in the work of Dr. Comfort a contradictory mixture of informed pessimism, concerning the indifference of nature to man, and of naïve non-historic optimism with regard to man's sense of responsibility. This method of thinking, first on one track and then on the other is characteristic of anarchist theory as expounded by its recent artisans.

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An example of this is the distinction which Dr. Comfort attempts to draw between the laws and *mores* of a community, failing to recognize that the first is generally the codification of the latter, its formulation on a level of more civilized living. In any case, both laws and *mores* are necessary prohibitive forces—the taboos of collective habitation; and as such unwelcome to our author. So, at least, it would seem from the cardinal statement on which he bases his new morality. "Do nothing", he writes, "which increases the difficulties which any individual has to face, and leave nothing undone which diminishes them". Do not impede the murderer or felon? Somewhere, at some point, a comparative body of relative repressions must obviously operate. This, Dr. Comfort will not admit. He is eager to restrain the power-instinct amongst a professional governing class, but gives no thought to the healthy suppression of "self-expression" amongst the governed when it takes a destructive or anti-social turn.

Dr. Comfort's effort to substitute a scientific pattern of living for the Christian tradition of right behaviour is open to many objections, of which the above will give some indication.

DEREK STANFORD.

PICTORIAL HISTORY

YEARS OF WRATH. By David Low. *Victor Gollancz Ltd.* 25*s.*

LOW is without question the most skilful of living cartoonists. His supple line, derived from the brush work of Japanese art, is highly expressive and decorative. His point of view is often repulsive to many who admire his art and he has never quite understood the English mind. Nevertheless, until two months ago he commanded a large following of readers of the Right Wing *Evening Standard* where his work was usually at variance with the views expressed in the adjoining leading article. This was regarded in some quarters as evidence of the broad-mindedness of the proprietor of that journal. His sympathies are proletarian and his deep respect for Communist Russia has suffered some decline in recent years. In this connection his cartoon reproduced on p. 281 is significant. It shows a Russian soldier congratulating a British and American soldier on the occasion of the D Day landing in Normandy. The artist's note on this fanciful picture, after quoting an extract from a laudatory speech by Stalin, includes the following: ". . . This lead showed the Allies in a new light to the Russian people who had never appreciated the difficulties of making a full-scale invasion from the sea." It was unhappily a light that was very soon extinguished if indeed it ever glimmered.

Of Low's now legendary figure Colonel Blimp the most charitable thing that can be said is that it is a class-conscious misconception emanating from the mind of a man whose knowledge of soldiering is hardly first hand.

This collection of cartoons is less reliable as political history than it is as evidence of political prejudice. It is to be remembered, however, that it shows the day-to-day work of a consummate artist whose feelings are stronger than his powers of judgment.

SYDNEY J. MAIDEN.

QUALITY STUFF

THE COUNTRY HEART. By H. E. Bates. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

WHEN a first-rate novelist deigns to travel honestly in the inferior country of the reporter, the reader obtains not only the letter of the law, but also the spirit. It would be difficult to find a more successful expedition of this kind than that of Mr. H. E. Bates in *The Country Heart.*

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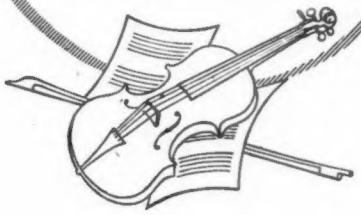

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Although he was playing his part as a useful cog in the hideous machine of war, Mr. Bates found time to watch carefully its effect on what appeared to be the one stable thing in a world of uncertainty, the land of his own country. "Never know there was a bloody war on, would you?" says the sergeant who accompanied him on fishing expeditions. Yet the point is made that this same sergeant, who thinks he is fighting to destroy the power of Hitler, will probably succeed in destroying the power of the big house in the village.

Here, then, is faithful reporting and fair comment set down in fine prose. Here is no twisting the big thing, the countryside, to suit the little thing, the writer's ideas; but an Englishman admiring and loving and criticizing what he knows to be his nation's most precious possession, the countryside and its people. Here is a great novelist content—oh, so content, to be a humble fisherman, a parish councillor, a gentle gardener, a good countryman. Here indeed is quality stuff.

A. G. STREET.

AN URBANE OBSERVER

TROPIC ADVENTURE. By Willard Price. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

THIS is a very good Wanderer's Notebook. It is the result of a year's travel over 23,000 miles through all of the Central American Republics and all of the countries of South America. Mr. Willard Price is an experienced journalist, and he has a first-rate eye for little things as well as big. Towards big things he has a feeling of responsibility; he feels it is very important indeed that North Americans should understand the peoples of South America, and what is going on there; and the theme of the book is, let's try to find out what it is really like. But Mr. Price's serious intent doesn't make him in the least pretentious. He prefers to give you episodes rather than statistics, personal interviews rather than research. He doesn't write out of a library, but out of conversations and personal observations which, wherever they were, were of that moment recent. I should have preferred it if each short section of the book had been dated; but that is the only adverse criticism. It is the book of an urbane observer, noting little things with humour and affection, and also concerned with politics, markets and business opportunities. The chapter towards the end entitled *Go South, Young Man*, is one which some young men might care to ponder.

F. V. MORLEY.

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